

COUNTRY LIFE, October 21st, 1916.

GERMANISED FRENCH COUNTRY LIFE.  
OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS—HAILEYBURY. By F. W. Bourdillon.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## ENGLISH FARMS AND GERMAN PRISONERS

In very few words it is possible to sketch the position on the English farm at the present moment. The tenant has every inducement to plough and prepare for wheat. A solicitous Government advises him that this is necessary; patriotism calls aloud for the production of food, and the prospect of profit is a further, though not the greatest, inducement. But the difficulty is that of finding hands. Before compulsion was introduced the farms were very nearly denuded of male labour by the volunteers. Since then the number of workers has been still more reduced owing to the calls of munition factories and other reasons. At the moment the farmer has a few exempted able-bodied men, a certain number of patriarchs who had retired from work, but now have been tempted back to the old tasks, and a few women

and children. It is true that uniform conditions do not prevail. Still, even in the most favourable areas labour is too scarce for the farmer to feel comfortable.

It must occur to many, as it has occurred to us, that the simple way out of the difficulty is to employ German prisoners on the land. The number of these men is increasing daily. In fact, there are as many, if not more, German prisoners in England than there are English prisoners in Germany. In looking at the matter from their point of view the advantages appear to be all on the side of labour. As prisoners they earn nothing and they are bound to lead very dull, monotonous lives. Those of them who were brought up in the country dislike enforced idleness far more than those town-bred. Great Britain is not going to turn into a slave-driving country at this point in civilisation, and we do not believe that under any circumstances compulsion will be applied to the German prisoners. Some may retort it would also be an appropriate reprisal. The treatment of English prisoners in Germany, scandalous in many respects, has been so in nothing more than in forced labour.

So evil an example will never be followed in this country. In suggesting that adequate use might be made of prisoners of war, we are assuming that their work would be voluntary. Were the case put to them, there can be little doubt that a considerable number, probably a majority, would elect rather to work in the fields than continue the deadening life of idle prisoners. As a help to managing we have the guidance of French experience. This was described in a recent number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture, and prepares us for the difficulties to be met. There is, first of all, the custody of the prisoners. It would be impossible to trust them with complete freedom, though, even if that were done, it is doubtful if there would be many runaways. The German prisoner, as a rule, is glad to get out of the war, and he would not be in a hurry to escape to the Fatherland so long as there was a chance of his being sent off to the front again. But, unfortunately, there are always some wild spirits among the others who make custody a matter of necessity. The French economised to a considerable extent by as far as possible confining prisoners to large farms where they could work in groups. In these days single men, or at any rate a very small number of men, armed with modern weapons can easily hold a considerable number of unarmed men in subjection. It would be necessary to find housing for the prisoners by themselves, as, judging from the French precedent, many peasants would not receive them into their houses. But that can be got over by utilising tents, huts, outbuildings, and the various shelters of one kind and another used by the Army in training. There is not in Great Britain a district so remote but it possesses conveniences of this kind. The prisoners would, of course, have to be boarded and fed, but it would be very bad policy indeed to do so on the same scale as is applicable to our soldier farm-servants. Plain food and a moderate, but fixed, wage would have to be adopted throughout the country.

It is difficult to understand on what principle this suggestion can be met with objection. If the Government adopt it, as we hope they will, they will add considerably to the efficiency of our farming, and, of course, that means that the food supply of the country would be considerably increased. The farmer who had plenty of German prisoners at his disposal would be himself to blame if he did not get through the work rapidly and well. The men would be happier and more contented themselves. There could be nothing very strange to them in the work of an English farm. After all, the principles of husbandry as applied in Germany were to a large extent founded upon those of Great Britain. If we mistake not, the oldest modern authority on German agriculture is described on the title page as an explanation of the English methods of agriculture. On that tradition was German husbandry founded, and the prisoners, therefore, would be called on to work on the same lines as they have followed on their native fields.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Birdwood, wife of General Sir William Birdwood, K.C.M.G.

\*\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



"WE have dreamed of what Great Britain might do, if she really put forth her strength, but this surpasses all our dreams." These encouraging words are taken from a dispatch sent by the Special Correspondent of the *Times* at British Headquarters, who reports them from the mouth of a foreign visitor. They show the extraordinary revelation that has been made during the last few weeks of the soul of England. It was complained that we were late in starting, but the instructed knew very well the immense difficulties that had to be overcome before a Power that was chiefly naval could put into the field an army fit to cope with the Great Military Powers of the Continent. But the whole strength of England was concentrated on this achievement—a fact ever to be borne in mind when the habitual grumbler dwells on this or that small defect in a gigantic organisation. At home workmen toiled at munition making with an ardour equal to that of the men at the front. Engineers and inventors have scored a triumph by turning out new machinery of war that has put the British Army in a position to deal effectively with the best provided by Germany. In Sir Douglas Haig we found a commander who embodies the very genius of the British Empire. It is said at the front, where he inspires the utmost confidence, that under his leadership every individual becomes worth two. The results are seen no less in the well equipped Army than in the irresistible advance upon a German front that military authorities considered to be impregnable. Here, then, we have the outward and visible facts which tell what the soul of Britain is capable of.

WE venture to make the suggestion that it would be a good thing to publish in pamphlet form the war speech delivered by M. Briand in the Chamber of Deputies, the interview which Mr. Lloyd George accorded to an American journalist, the solemn and resolute speech made by Mr. Asquith in Parliament, and, in addition, a communication to the United Press of America from Signor Bissolati, the Vice-Premier of Italy and Civil Commissioner for War. Signor Bissolati is one of the most potent and influential personalities in the Italy of to-day. When war broke out he took his place in the army and was severely wounded. On recovering he wished to return, but was induced to realise that he could be of more service at home acting a part such as Mr. Lloyd George has done by public speaking. Signor Bissolati is utterly opposed to a peace "contaminated with the germs of other wars." The germ of this war "can only be killed by destroying Austria as a State and by depriving Germany of every illusion of predominance." These four documents placed within two covers and circulated not only among the Allies, but among the neutrals also, and, as far as may be, among the enemy countries, could not fail of producing a beneficial effect.

IT is gratifying to note that the action of the Government in taking over the control of the wheat supply has met with the cordial approval not only of the man in the street but also in corn and milling trade circles. For some time past bread has been nearly double its pre-war price, and in the circumstances the most we can hope for now is that it shall not rise higher. At a time like this it is the special duty of the State to take care of the food supplies; the prices to the consumer may then be regulated on a sound basis. It should not for one moment be thought that the Government is entering upon a money making concern; on the other hand, there is no cause for alarm about supplies; it is purely a war precaution to avoid risk and to ensure

an ample margin of wheat supplies. The purchase of half a million tons of Australian wheat—undoubtedly influenced by Imperial motives—is an important start in this great scheme. The Government is not cancelling contracts, but is simply safeguarding national interests in preparing for any eventuality—the existing machinery between buyer and seller is left undisturbed—and the corn and milling trades have shown their willingness to co-operate with the Government.

MAJOR W. REDMOND, who is Mr. John Redmond's brother, has issued for publication a letter that will be read with great interest and approbation on this side of the Irish Channel. It is an appeal for recruits to the 16th Division. This division was established shortly after war began in response to an appeal from the Irish Nationalists. The men were trained partly in Ireland and partly near Aldershot for fifteen months. Then they were taken out, and, in language as clear as it is spirited, Major Redmond recounts the story of their fine achievement. They covered themselves with glory and added lustre to the noble military annals of Ireland. In the fierce fighting at Guillemont and Ginchy, the spirit, courage and determination shown by them won the admiration of Europe. No one who reads this letter can fail to appreciate the force of its conclusion. It would be a betrayal of the loyal dead if the "Irish," which has brought so much honour to the Irish name, ceased to be Irish. But there is no avoiding this unless reinforcements are brought up. "Whatever other differences may be," says Major Redmond, "is it too much to ask that all who love Ireland shall unite, irrespective of creed or politics, to keep the 16th, the "Irish" Division, which it was at the Loos trenches and at the hard-fought fields of Guillemont and Ginchy?"

#### WIND MAGIC.

O waves of wind that flood the fading streets—  
Strong as the sea, in tumult rythmical—  
Tossed by your tides, I do rejoice to feel  
Your cleansing touch—your kiss, that has no sting . . .

A power you have to draw my sight away  
Out of these streets—to show me racing clouds  
Dim, o'er the shaken crests of forest trees;  
O power is yours to bear me to one Tree  
Beneath whose gold dark, shining chestnuts lie—  
Scattered 'midst broken husks of white, and green;  
And gazing there, I am a child again,  
And know the joy of Wonder grown men lose,  
While far and wide, swirl childhood's fairy spoils—  
Acorns, and beech-nuts—cones, and tiny leaves :

And all the branches are attuned  
To one wild Song—  
And all the paths  
Sweet, with the scents which mean—  
Not Death—but Change . . .  
And Spring!

ELsie HIGGINBOTHAM.

FARMERS have obtained a very important concession by the liberation of labour up to Christmas. They can have no excuse, therefore, for neglecting the weighty advice issued to them by the Royal Commission on Wheat Supplies. It is that "they will best serve the national interest by sowing as many acres as possible of wheat." Now is the time when this should be done. All farmers now recognise the great advantages of autumn cultivation, and to do them justice they have been making strenuous efforts for several months past to get the land ploughed and prepared for sowing. Unfortunately, the weather has not been very propitious. On heavy clay soils, which produce the best wheat in England, the incessant and heavy rains have often made work impossible for days and even weeks together. But the ground, in spite of recent showers, is drier now than it has been for a long time past. A great many mechanical ploughs are on hire and have been very largely utilised. Still, more is required, and we trust that the response to the official request will be enthusiastic and hearty.

THE labour difficulty cannot be considered serious when we have an increasing number of German prisoners waiting with idle hands for something to do. Russian, French and British prisoners have been freely employed in Germany, often in tasks that are by no means agreeable.

Among the German prisoners, however, there are large numbers of small farmers from East Prussia and other districts who have been accustomed to work on the fields before the war broke out. They would be very glad to substitute a cheerful and busy life on the farms for the dullness and monotony of the detention camps. In France the plan has worked very well, and the business of surveillance has not proved a serious difficulty. The greatest objection, as has been explained by Professor Souchon in our columns, is that French peasant farmers who have sons or other relatives killed in the war dislike much to have Germans in their neighbourhood. This is a difficulty, however, which applies only to a few. There is no doubt of a great deal of available labour lying to hand in the German prisoners. We hope the Government will not delay to make arrangements for its utilisation.

**WE** hope it is not true, as stated in some of the morning papers, that tenants on the Crown lands in the Holbeach district of Lincolnshire have received notice to quit for the purpose of establishing a colony of ex-soldiers. From every point of view it is most undesirable that efficient and thriving tenants should be turned out to make room for this scheme. Such action is bound to create a bad impression at the very beginning. The Crown is usually regarded as a very good landlord, and those holding under it consider themselves fortunate. But if men who have been doing well on the land are turned out for no other reason than to make room for what is a very hazardous experiment, there cannot fail to be dissatisfaction. Nobody in agriculture believes that the scheme for settling soldiers on the land possesses lasting quality, and at the present moment land is the last thing in the world with which legislators should attempt to play.

**IN** the way of preparing for the work of reclaiming its waste land the Cornwall County Council has set an example which we hope to see followed in every other part of the British Islands. Competent surveyors have been employed for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of waste land in the county and afterwards the land has been classified according to its fitness for the purpose of husbandry, or its unfitness. A certain acreage is put down as irreclaimable, another area is described as fit for afforestation, and the amount of reclaimable waste is definitely stated. We propose to go more fully into the figures on another occasion. In fact, to do so to any purpose it would be necessary actually to see the land referred to. At the present moment we shall content ourselves, therefore, with pointing out what an excellent example Cornwall has set to the other counties. There is scarcely one of them but has a considerable area of reclaimable waste, yet as far as we have been able to learn, Cornwall is the only county so far in which the local authorities have been at the trouble to find out exactly what their possessions are in the way of cultivable but uncultivated land.

**THE** great importance of all this lies in the local effort. It is probably hopeless to expect that any scheme of reclamation will ever be worked on national lines. The Board of Agriculture would be at a disadvantage if asked to undertake such work because the number of experts in its service and, therefore, the number of contradictory opinions that find expression within its walls must inevitably produce paralysis when action is required. Further, it would have to be worked through officials, and the cultivation of land demands such constant vigilance and oversight that the official would be more than human if he could be trusted to give it. It is only when a man is working on his own behalf and to supply the wants of those nearest to him that all his energy and power of self-sacrifice are developed. But if the local authorities could be interested in the subject, they could survey the waste and tabulate the results as Cornwall has done. The result must inevitably be to stimulate interest in reclamation and furnish the information on which to proceed if it is found necessary or desirable to apply pressure.

**ARCHITECTURE** has suffered so much by the war that we gladly emphasise the suggestion of the Ministry of Munitions that now is the time to prepare actively for carrying out the many building schemes that have been suspended. First by the advice of the Savings Committee and later by direct prohibition from the Ministry of Munitions, the building trade, one of our greatest industries, has been paralysed.

When peace comes and with it partial demobilisation thousands of building workmen will need instant employment, but if, and only if, plans have been completed by then the thread of work can be picked up and employment assured. It is, therefore, everyone's duty to proceed forthwith with the preparation of the drawings for any building works which are due to be carried out when peace comes.

**MR. LLOYD GEORGE** has said at leisure what the Germans accused him of uttering in haste. It is that he is now confident that we are going to win the war. In the early days Mr. Lloyd George did not express this belief. On the contrary, he was greatly impressed with the difficulty of doing so and did not scruple to express doubt of the issue. That is not to say that he ever wavered in resolution. He was determined that, as far as he was responsible for it, this country should do its level best to win; but the more one considered the immense strength of Germany and the lack of preparation on our part the less likely was one to feel certain. It is therefore of very considerable significance that Mr. Lloyd George has changed his note. What comforts him most is the confidence at the front. General Robertson referred to the same point, and both are probably right. Even the Germans admit that our men are fighting with new vigour and dash, as if they knew they were playing a winning game. But the public should not relax its efforts. Everything depends upon assurance being made doubly sure.

#### TO THE GREAT SEA-THORN OF THE EAST COAST.\*

Sturdy grey thorn upon the sandy dunes,  
Whose burnished berries shimmer in the sun,  
Let us each imitate thy fortitude,  
Keeping a cheery heart and fearing none.

Should skies be fair, thy leaves reflect the blue,  
Changing to silver when 'tis dark o'erhead;  
Even when frost sets bramble-wreaths aflame,  
Long is it ere thy grey-green robe is shed.

Now War's blasts blow again about our isle,  
Turning to strife our careless, peaceful ways,  
Calmly thou bidest on the shifting sands,  
As once in bluff King Harry's martial days.

Tho' fire drops from above, and, o'er the sea,  
Destruction from an alien cruiser strikes,  
Thou still wilt guard our shores, bestride the dunes,  
And keep thy faithful watch o'er fenland dykes.

JOY BUNTING.

\* Sea-buckthorn (*Hippophae rhamnoides*) grows hardly in great profusion in the Lincolnshire fens and on other sandy coasts. Its leaves are of a silvery greyish green; the fruit is a glossy deep orange, or sometimes a pale yellow berry.

**IT** would appear that medical attention is now being directed to the dangers incidental to middle life. Dr. Bolduan, the Director of the Bureau of Public Health Education in New York, has produced some interesting life tables showing that between 1879-81 and 1909-11 a man of forty years or over had his expectation of life shortened to a year or more according to age. This happened while the expectation of life at birth was increased ten times. The statement is not confined to New York, but applies all over the United States. The death rate per thousand of those between forty-five and fifty-four has increased nearly 2 per cent. during the last ten years. If we take a stage later in life, that is to say from fifty-four to sixty-three, the death rate has increased by 7 per cent. A similar conclusion has been arrived at in the Commonwealth of Australia, which attributed the increased death rate of the middle-aged largely to diet. Over-eating is regarded as the vice of that time of life, the *sta'istician* unconsciously calling up Shakespeare's picture of "the citizen with good capon lined." Perhaps the most practical point in all this is that the diseases of middle life can often be traced to indiscretions in youth. We mean such indiscretions as the merely partial cure of an illness or the resumption of work on the part of an invalid before he is fit for it. The figures bear out the contention frequently made that the profession of medicine should be more prophylactic in character.

**DENMARK** has prohibited the export of farm seeds to England, and at the announcement the price of cocksfoot seed jumped to 100s. per cwt., and 230s. per cwt. was asked

for rough stalked meadow grass. The price of wild white clover has long been almost prohibitive. Now this ought to give a very great stimulus to the production of these seeds in England. Their cultivation is nothing new. Some of the shrewdest farmers have during the last ten years been steadily increasing their cultivation of seeds, tempted by the relatively high prices. But if anything were needed to give impetus to the movement for reclamation, this exactly supplies the want. Reclaimed land is better than any other for growing seeds. If it has been treated properly, no weeds appear for the first year or two and, consequently, the grasses and clovers are grown perfectly clean. It has been found also in Belgium that seed grown on reclaimed land is of very high quality. Not only clovers, but other seeds can be grown to advantage also—wheat, barley, oats, rye, buckwheat, mangolds, swedes, turnips, carrots, grasses and vegetable seeds.

THAT many remunerative branches of agriculture have been neglected by our English farmers is proved by an experiment made in Lincolnshire this year. Among vegetables that have been very scarce the onion stands almost first. Supplies from Holland were stopped by the spring floods, and from the East difficulties of transport were almost insuperable. Under the circumstances several Lincolnshire people turned their attention to onion growing, most important of them being Mr. J. Caudwell of Weston, near Spalding, who sowed over 300 acres. The crop turned out very well indeed and it is estimated that it should yield on an average £100 an acre, the cost of production being £40 an acre. On this showing, the grower would obtain the very handsome profit of £20,000 on his 300 acres. A difficult labour problem had to be confronted, but Mr. Caudwell rose to the occasion, bringing some 400 women workers from Boston and Spalding.

## GERMANISED FRENCH COUNTRY LIFE

**A**n English writer from France to see if he could obtain copies of the photographs used in our article on French battlefields and German photographs, ends his letter with the remark, "I should be very much obliged if I could get copies, as we are not allowed to take photographs ourselves out here. I might be able eventually to get some of the same places, but now they scarcely appear the same." The remark applied to towns and villages, and carries an obvious truth on its face. Less obvious but still more significantly true, is it that the marks of the German invasion are borne on the features of those who suffered from the horror. At the end of the book there are some photographs, mostly of harvest groups and harvest operations, that bring this vividly home to the mind. Last year, when visiting the devastated districts in the Marne Valley which had been recovered by the French, I was struck, as were my companions, by the expressions of the faces of those who had gone through this dreadful experience. It was not the same in every town. Chalons, for instance, had escaped lightly; but in others the dissolute *Junker* had been allowed to give full rein to his passions.

In places where the villagers had been subjected to torture as well as indignity, an educated woman told me that there was not one of her friends and neighbours who did not look many years older after the German visit. Later on she made a remark that brought this home to me. Subject to attacks of heart disease, she had sent for a doctor two days after the French had reconquered the village. "When he entered," she



GERMAN SOLDIERS AND FRENCH PEASANTS.



A MARTYR.

said, "I did not know him. In July he was a man just approaching middle-age, vigorous and in the best of health; now I failed to recognise my doctor in the ancient, shaking old man who entered. It took me some time to ascertain that the features were the same, although oldened and made wretched for ever by the scourge that had passed over us." In the valley of the Somme things were not quite so bad as down the Marne, but, nevertheless, one can gather from the photographs collected in this album that they also were like him who had fought with wild beasts at Ephesus. In the group of harvesters which appears above, the sad-looking faces of the French girls make a strange contrast to those of the German soldiers who apparently have compelled them to group themselves for the purpose of the camera. Smart, grim, arrogant, cruel, those faces are less suggestive of the German of to-day than of the followers of the first Attila. They form a sad contrast to the gentle, mournful peasant on whose features war has writ its tragic story. One does not know their stories, but it was probably more than likely similar to that of the doctor to whom I have alluded. He will carry to the grave the memory of an awful night when women and non-combatants were forced by a rude soldiery against the flames of their own village and only drawn back when the flames scorched them; a night when young children were tossed up in the air and caught on the points of bayonets. This, as a matter of fact, is what had happened to the doctor's two children, while he with a number of other men were standing against the wall threatened at every moment by a firing party who



HARVEST AT BEAULENCOURT.

apparently had orders to shoot them for being what the German leader called *francs-tireurs*. If it be remembered that people in these quiet country districts had spent the whole of their peaceful, happy lives without seeing bloodshed, until, in fact, they had ceased to realise the horrors of war as they had been witnessed in preceding ages, it will easily be understood what the effect of the German tyranny was. The old countrywoman in the second picture shows deep traces of the grief that must have come to her. It was adding a final insult to make her pose for her photograph. Probably the Germans in question had no other idea than that of amusing themselves. They are so wrapped up in their own egoism that they do not understand how others



REAPING MACHINE AT WORK.

may feel. Quite indifferent to them is it whether they snap a crowd of workers in the field, as unconscious as the mares and foals of another picture, or a devastated farmhouse. It is unlikely that they felt more pity for the heart-broken peasants than they did for the snowman which they had set up with meticulous care and photographed at Achette-le-Grand. German thoroughness is amusingly exemplified in the buttons placed down the snowman's chest, and the belt and sword which he carries; while there is something on his helmet which bears some distant resemblance to an eagle. It is a pity that the visitors did not confine themselves to operations as innocent as those of



A HAPPY FAMILY IN A FIELD HOSPITAL.

turning white snow into the semblance of a servant of the Kaiser.

But for reasons of space, we would have liked to reproduce the whole of the pictures in this album. The peasants as well as the villages form part of a historical document, both bear traces of the Hun, and both in the nature of things will pass away. We can imagine this country rendered still more desolate by the fighting that must take place before the German lines are finally broken through and the Allied troops emerge on the green agricultural country of which they have already had a glimpse.



OXEN ON A FARM.



A FRENCH BARN WITH A TYPICAL WAGON.



FRENCH PEASANT GIRLS AT THE CHURN.

Then, after the barbarians are once more driven across the Rhine it will be the business of the young generation to rebuild those quiet and beautiful villages, to replace churches and church bells, to erect dwellings for rich and poor, hamlets for the labourer and outbuildings for the four-footed workers of the farm; and at the end it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell that the district will become more beautiful and more prosperous than it was before the outbreak of this war. But by that time many who are going about now will have descended to their everlasting home and be forgotten as completely as the buildings that have felt the shock of the German bombardment.

P.

## THE MACGEORGE COLLECTION OF MÉRYON ETCHINGS

BY CAMPBELL DODGSON.

**I**T was announced last week that the most famous collection in existence of Méryon's etchings, formed by Mr. B. B. MacGeorge of Glasgow, had been sold through a firm of art dealers in the same city. The news has been received, not only in Scotland, with extreme regret, which would be turned into joy if the wish already expressed by several writers could be fulfilled, and the collection be saved from dispersal. Here is a splendid opportunity for a wealthy benefactor to show his public spirit. He could enrich Glasgow or the nation by a gift that can never be made again if the chance be missed. Glasgow or the nation—or both. Let me explain. Glasgow has the strongest claim on the patriotism of her citizens, if a portion of the wealth derived from the immense industries of the Clyde in war-time can be diverted to the cause of art. Glasgow is the home of many keen collectors and appreciative connoisseurs of the graphic arts. She is the mother city of some of the most famous etchers of to-day—two names, especially, will occur to every reader—who are treading in Méryon's footsteps. She possesses, in the Corporation Art Gallery at Kelvin-grove, the nucleus of a splendid municipal collection, which only lacks a print-room worthy of "the second city of the Empire." A movement was already on foot before the war to remedy this defect, and a fine loan exhibition of "black and white" was held in 1914 to



LA RUE DES CHANTRES.

arouse interest in the project of founding a public print collection at Glasgow. Such a great gift as this would give it a splendid start. It is a shame that Glasgow, with its high artistic reputation, should lag behind enemy centres of industry, like Essen and Crefeld and several other Westphalian manufacturing towns, where flourishing art galleries, including print collections in which the work of Glasgow artists was represented, had sprung into existence a few years before the war.

Now let me put the case for the nation. Glasgow is the second city of the Empire, but London is the first. The nation already possesses, in the British Museum, what I take to be the second-best Méryon Collection in the world. Every etching by the master, with a few trifling exceptions among the minor works, is represented by fine impressions, and generally by a number of different states. If only the few rarities that it lacks could be added from the MacGeorge Collection it would be unrivalled and supreme. Is it not worth while to bring what is nearly perfect still nearer to perfection? The possession of the MacGeorge Collection, even without those few trial proofs and early states that are most needed in London and are never likely to be obtained if they are lost now, would put Glasgow tomorrow in the position that London held yesterday, and that is not one to be despised. Will not

some patriot, or group of patriots, come forward and keep the Méryon Collection safe at home, by Thames or Clyde, before it has embarked, as we must fear it otherwise may do, on a voyage across the Atlantic from which it is never likely to return?

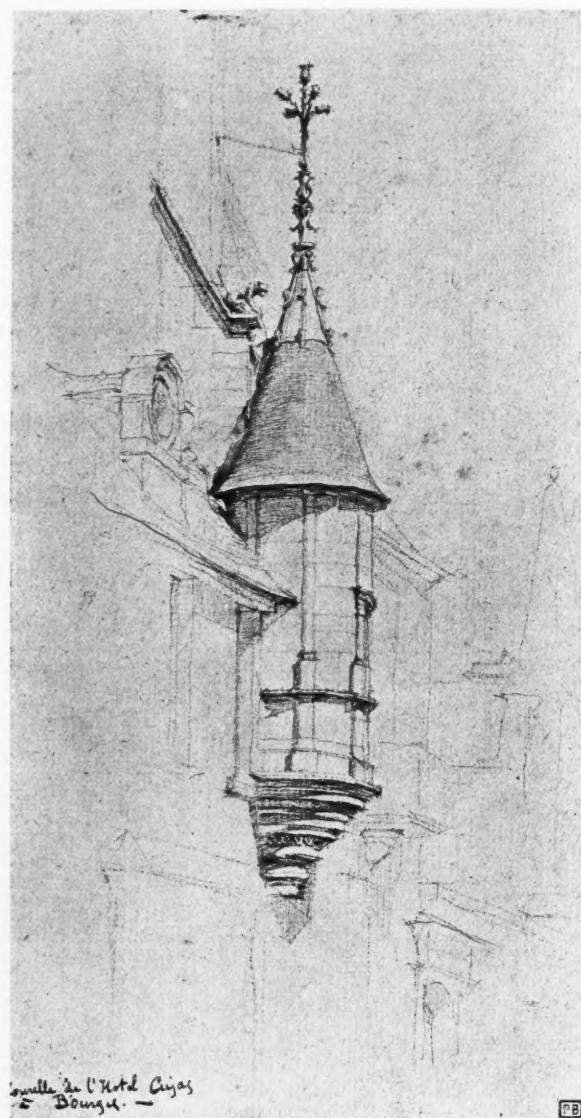
Charles Méryon, the luckless, melancholy genius who starved himself to death in the madhouse at Charenton, after selling for a franc or two, when he could, masterpieces one of which was to sell, sixty years later, for £640, was the founder, though he hardly knew it, of the great revival of original etching which is the most conspicuous event of the second half of the nineteenth century in the sphere of the graphic arts. Born in 1821, the natural son of an English doctor by a dancing-girl, he entered the French navy, but quitted it after a cruise, extending over two years, in the Pacific. A large number of small sketches made on this voyage, pencil studies of New Zealanders and native huts in New Caledonia, studies of fishes and the flight of birds,



A STREET IN BOURGES.

is in the British Museum. He learned etching under Bléry, and perfected himself by copying the etchings of Salvator Rosa and some of the Dutch etchers, among whom he had a special admiration for Zeeman. In 1849 he was a novice; in 1850 "Le Peit Pont" revealed a master. His etchings of Paris which rank among the great classics of the art, were mostly produced between that year and 1854. They are masterly in drawing and etching, wrought out in all detail with scrupulous and untiring care, and exquisitely printed upon papers specially chosen to suit the peculiar qualities of each plate. That was, in itself, a great innovation in days when the average printing was of a dull, mechanical

uniformity. But he put much more into them than care and finish, which are attainable by many who are not Méryons. They are charged, as no architectural etchings had ever been before, with a tragic impressiveness, a sense of mystery, as if the shadows of these venerable buildings were haunted by memories of "old, unhappy, far-off things." Piranesi, compared to Méryon, is facile and rhetorical; he worked on a large scale and rapidly. Méryon's work is tense, compact the outcome of mental travail and sorrow, never far removed



TOURELLE DE L'HOTEL CUJAS.

from actual madness. In "La Morgue," especially, and "Le Stryge," that vampire carved in stone, brooding high in air over Paris and symbolising its lust and sin, he expressed thoughts which are patent enough even without the curious verses in which he gave them utterance. Too little attention is generally paid to these strange little poems, etched upon separate plates and interposed between two etchings in the series, or else printed beneath the subject itself, which give painful evidence of the troubled working of a diseased brain. But some of the noblest etchings in the series, "L'Abside Notre-Dame," "La Galerie Notre-Dame," "La Rue des Chantres" and "Tourelle de la Rue de la Tixanderie" are free from any taint of gloom or morbidity, while others, normal and sane in every respect in the early states, were retouched after Méryon had lost his reason, and received curious additions, such as the balloons and birds of prey, the flying whales, horsemen, ships and impossible monsters in the skies of "Le Pont-au-Change" and "Le Ministère de la Marine." It was in 1858 that Méryon's reason, weakened by want and misery, broke down to such an extent that he was confined at Charenton. He was released after fourteen months, but had to be shut up again in 1866 and remained in the asylum till his death in 1868. His friends found it impossible to help or cheer him; he was a prey to the most

painful delusions, and even in his saner years had absolutely no business capacity. He would sell a whole set of his Paris etchings for 25 or 30 francs, and in a pathetic letter addressed in 1854 to the Minister of the Interior, appealing to him for the support which he could not obtain from the public, he announced his intention of producing a set of ten etchings of Bourges and charging 15 francs for the set. Three of these etchings only were finished, at various dates. The British Museum possesses a number of pencil drawings of old houses in the streets of Bourges, which are preparatory studies for the projected set; part of them are sketches in outline for a whole composition, others are highly finished studies of the detail in carved oak doorposts and brackets. A specimen of the Bourges drawings, "Tourelle de l'Hotel Cujas," bought in 1876 at the sale of Philippe Burty's Collection, is reproduced here. It illustrates Méryon's use of an extremely sharp pencil point. By far the finest collection, however, of Méryon's pencil drawings is that formed by Mr. MacGeorge. It contains the original sketches and studies, in some cases two of the same subject, for about three-quarters of the famous Paris etchings, the missing studies being for the most part in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Curtis, in Paris. Several of the MacGeorge studies are reproduced in M. Loys Delteil's illustrated

judged by the strength in which these are represented. They have had an immense influence upon later generations of etchers:

All can raise the flower now,  
For all have got the seed.

But the ill-fated enthusiast, who never realised how great his own work was and did not live to see it appreciated, is still unrivalled in his chosen field. It would be a thousand pities if the matchless collection of his work formed by Mr. MacGeorge were not preserved and made accessible to Scotch or English artists and students.

## GERMAN TACTICS IN THE PAST

**I**T was a good idea of Mr. Colvin's in *The Germans in England, 1066-1598* (The National Review Office), to look back over the past and see what the relations of German and Briton have actually been. An ex-Cabinet Minister, speaking shortly before the war, said that the only important European Power with whom we had never been at war was Germany. Probably most people supposed that during the various periods when England and France were contending with one another, either by arms or diplomacy, Germany had been our friend. "Our Teutonic cousins" they used



LA POMPE NOTRE-DAME.

catalogue of Méryon's etchings, now the standard work on the master. They include a study for "L'Abside Notre-Dame," superb in its strength and simplicity, and a very beautiful finished drawing for "La Galerie Notre-Dame." Three drawings for "La Pompe Notre-Dame," one of the etchings here reproduced, are also in the MacGeorge Collection, which shares with the British Museum the possession of the only proofs mentioned by Delteil of the splendid first state of "La Rue des Chantres," which we also reproduce. In the later states there is a weathercock at the top of the spire, there are birds in the sky, and a pair of bells with other symbolical accessories introduced at the top of the plate distract the eye from the upward-soaring lines of the architecture, which form the great attraction of the etching.

The MacGeorge Collection is also extremely rich in rare states of the minor works of Méryon, the views of New Caledonia, title pages, and dry architectural etchings done for archeological publications. The numerous, but unimportant, portraits etched by Méryon are also well represented; they include the only impression that can now be traced of one of Méryon's earliest etchings, a portrait of his friend Edmond de Courtives. But these are things of interest only to special students and collectors. The fame of Méryon rests upon his etchings of Paris, and any collection must be

sometimes to be called. Historians had accustomed us to look back with a favouring eye upon the Hanseatic League, and to regard it as a champion of freedom and enterprise. We knew just enough about the Steelyard to remember that the German merchants of that guild were Holbein's patrons and that his coming to London was probably due in large measure to their settlement in our capital. We therefore supposed ourselves to owe them some sort of artistic debt and did not trouble to enquire who were the principal gainers from our mutual relations. Upon all these matters Mr. Colvin sheds a new light. His book is, moreover, readable, and, being accustomed to write for the general public, he knows how to present his facts in lucid fashion. He reveals to us the commercial motive upon which German policy has always been based in relation to England. The object of the Germans was not access to, but privilege in the British market. The Hanseatic League aimed not at exchanging commodities with English traders, but at controlling the whole foreign trade of Britain. They were to be the only carriers, the only intermediaries. And for a long time they succeeded in this aim. When, in the days of Henry VII, an anti-German protectionist tendency began to arise it was they who promoted the insurrections of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck. In the great days of the League German merchants actually had the right to import goods into England not merely under lower duties than other foreigners must pay, but actually lower than English importers were charged. Thus they could undersell the English merchant in his own market. How their privileges were fought and finally abolished by Queen Elizabeth; how the adventurers of the Russia Company opened the White Sea to British trade and thus obtained the cordage and other essential munitions for British shipping without German impediment or intervention—all this is explained in Mr. Colvin's pages.

# OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

## XIII.—HAILEYBURY

BY F. W. BOUDILLON.

**H**AILEYBURY is one of a whole group of Public Schools founded or resuscitated in the middle of the nineteenth century. It kept its jubilee, the celebration of its first fifty years as a school, just four years ago. But at the back of its own fifty years there lay a previous incarnation, an earlier fifty years of existence, during which Haileybury College had become well known to the public as the training college of the East India Company, the nursing mother of men whose names are now famous in the history of British rule in India. For some years after its re-birth as a Public School a boy who said he was at Haileybury was likely to be met with the inference: Then you are going to India? It was, indeed, largely owing to Mr. Stephen Austin, the able and enterprising publisher to the East India College and custodian of its valuable library, that a group of Hertfordshire gentlemen came forward to secure the derelict buildings and founded the new school. This was in 1862, four years after the demise of the training college.

The promoters of the new school were no doubt alive to the advantages gained by a brand-new foundation in inheriting an established tradition and buildings of already respectable age. The new-founded Public Schools of the nineteenth century all aimed at such a status and position as the older schools had by that time won for themselves. The repute of Eton, Harrow and Winchester was widespread. More attractive still to the British middle class was the robust manliness of Rugby under Dr. Arnold as depicted in "Tom Brown's Schooldays." This seemed to be the form of education that turned out the finest Englishmen; such schools must be multiplied and placed within the reach of everyone.

But the traditions and greatness of a Public School are matters of time and slow growth and many generations. They cannot be achieved ready made, to order, by simply assembling a set of new boys in a series of new buildings.

The character of a school is moulded by certain main influences, direct and indirect, human and external. The direct and human are the actual School of boys at the moment, the Masters and the Old Boys. The indirect and external are the buildings and the surroundings of the school. For a new school at its first starting there are, of course, no Old Boys, and, therefore, no traditional code and no examples; also the influence of new buildings, maybe, is slight and unimpressive compared to that of old, as everyone realises in the case of a church or a cathedral. Haileybury, therefore, might be considered fortunate in inheriting both Old Haileyburians and comparatively old buildings from its defunct predecessor. True, the succession had been broken; and the old East India College was very different both in ways and aims from the new school. Still, the record of fine doings and distinguished names counted for something among the first Haileybury boys: and the first Head Master, Dr. Butler, sought to make the most of this influence by naming the various houses after the most distinguished civilians who had

once been students there—Lawrence, Colvin, Edmonstone, Trevelyan, etc. His successor, Dr. Bradby, emphasised this by insisting on the habitual use of the names till they



THE OLD EAST INDIA COLLEGE.



Copyright. THROUGH WILKINS' SCREEN TO THE NEW BIG SCHOOL. "C.L."

became current, and took the place of the names of the house masters which had been in use at first.

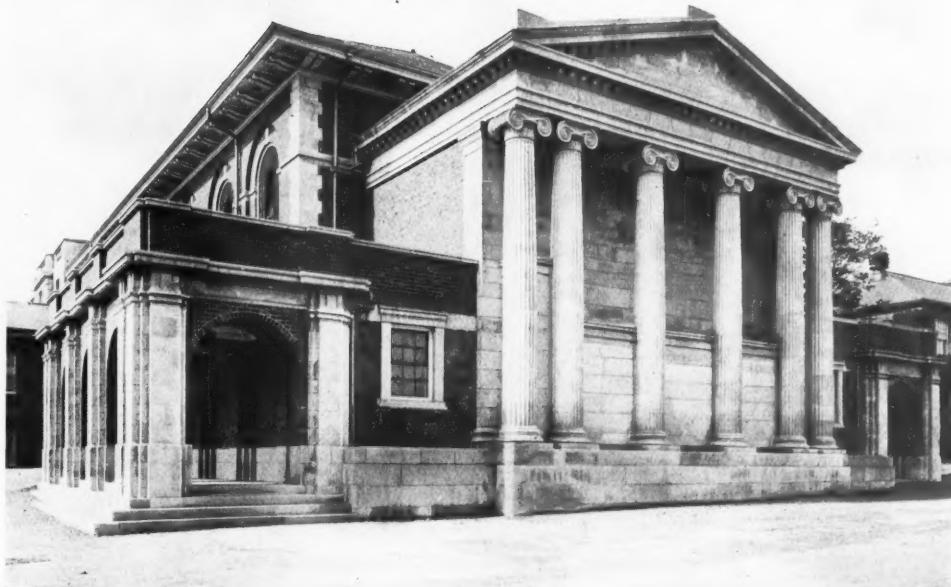
It has been unfortunate that the new school's further inheritance—the old College itself—was regarded by some as a *damnosa hereditas*. One point about it was considered a subject of pride, and that was the magnificent size of the quadrangle, "the second largest in England." And no one with eyes to see could fail to be impressed, consciously or unconsciously, by the simple nobility of the terrace front as it was in its original state. It may be suggested that a certain contempt for the buildings was due in some measure to the violent revulsion in popular taste owing to the revival of so-called Gothic architecture. The Grecian style of the Haileybury buildings had fallen for a time into disrepute, and its merits were overlooked, or disregarded through ignorance. The architect was the learned Wilkins, the architect of the National Gallery, and of the noble University College in Gower Street. The grace and symmetry and quiet dignity of the old Haileybury College received scant recognition. To contemporary eyes there was nothing but ugliness in the brick façades of the spacious quadrangle; although, as in the case of Chelsea Hospital, the quiet taste of the cultivated architect has since found its justification, as when Carlyle doffed his hat in honour of Wren. In Professor Monier Williams' "Memorials of Old Haileybury College," with its almost savage disparagement of the architecture, we see clearly the view of the old students and professors; and this tradition of contempt was handed on to the majority of the new schoolboys and masters. One consequence of this has been that succeeding generations have felt at liberty to treat the original buildings with scant respect in the numerous alterations and additions which have necessarily been made from time to time to keep pace with the growth of the school. To this we must ascribe the loss of the grand open loggias of the south front which have most



THE QUADRANGLE.



TERRACE FRONT WITH CHAPEL BEHIND.



THE BACK OF THE NEW BIG SCHOOL.

disastrously been walled up, and the sacrifice of the original dining-room which matched the sixth form library. An old college student—were any yet living—would hardly know the old place, once so familiar. Even a survivor from the early days of the new school finds everything so much altered that he wanders a stranger in strange places. The most conspicuous feature—visible for miles around—is the dome of the new chapel which succeeded the original much plainer one, some forty years ago, and of which any school might be justly proud. At the same time, a mild regret may be expressed that this striking building should have been placed in the middle of the old façade, destroying by eclipse the comely features of the original design. The effect is almost as if the giant Matterhorn had



DR. BUTLER.  
Head Master 1862-7.



DR. BRADBURY.  
Head Master 1868-83.

CORMELL PRICE.  
1863-74, of "Stalky and Co."

rub brasses and take an interest in old churches. Jeans, the Greek scholar, who was alleged to take the litany *au galop* in favour of first lesson; Walford, Couchman, Hensley and Carlile, known as "The Globe Trotter" from a certain bulky volume of "Round the World in Thirteen Months"; and all the others, their competitors and successors! It is difficult to stay the pen on such a theme, but good taste and discretion forbid to venture beyond a few of the earliest names, all now retired—several, alas! passed away. And the under master at a Public School seeks for no notoriety; he works hard for a low wage, and receives little thanks and much abuse; and the good seed he sows is often overgrown and hidden for the time by very visible tares. But his harvest is all over the world, in lives made better by his influence. It is truly a great life this, petty and limited as it sometimes appears; one of the hidden mainsprings on which the right working of the world depends.

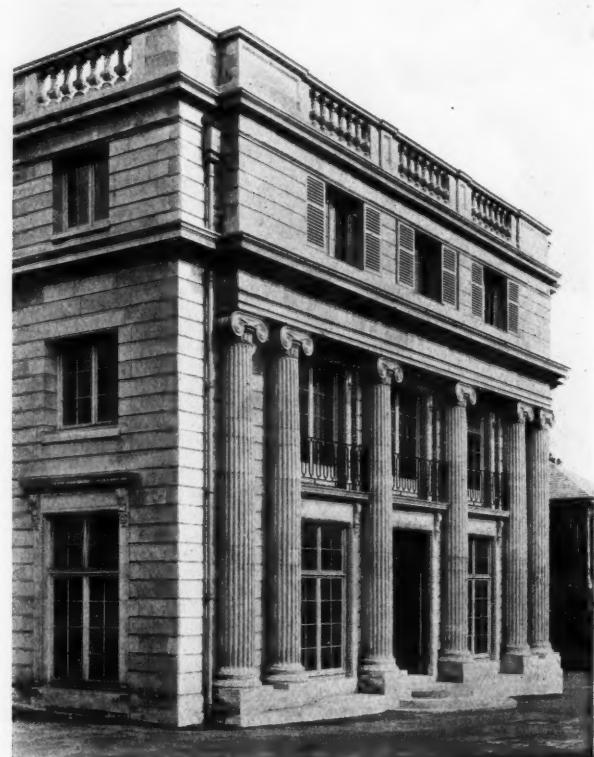
It has seemed worth while to dwell at some length on the older features and earlier personalities of Haileybury, because they were the formative influences which have made the school what it is; and without the solid foundations laid by these, the passed or passing, the good work of the present could not be so secure nor of the future so hopeful. But Haileybury is now an established and well known institution; an influence among the best upon education and life in that wide circle of hard workers and responsible citizens which we call the upper middle class. The world is full of its Old Boys, whose sons come to keep the old names green within its walls. There are historic deeds of Old Haileyburians to emulate, such as Coghill's saving of the Colours at Isandhlwana; there are successes



UNDER THE CHAPEL DOME.

been superimposed upon the lowly Sussex Downs. And although the styles are so different, its dominance over the roofs around recalls that tyrannic cynosure, the new chapel at Lancing. Now, after divers strange aberrations of style, a belated return has been made to the Wilkins tradition in the new Big School, built to the designs of Mr. J. W. Simpson and Mr. Maxwell Ayrton.

In a new school, without traditions or examples or pioneers, the most important influence—the all-important influence—is that of the Masters. And in this respect the nascent Haileybury was most fortunate. Its first two Head Masters—the romantic and scholarly athlete, Butler; the high-minded, inflexible, yet most sensitive-souled Bradby—set the course of the new ship steadily, and the succeeding pilots have kept her to it. And what a group of men they gathered round them as assistant masters! Cormell Price, associate of the pre-Raphaelites, who introduced promising young souls to the "Atalanta in Calydon" of his friend Swinburne, and is now famous as the "Head" in "Stalky and Co."; Reade, the cousin of Charles Reade, with something of his cousin's dramatic and story-loving nature; James Rhoades, the witty and fastidious poet; Ash, the athlete, whose drop-kicks would almost have sent a football up to a Zeppelin, had Zeppelins been invented in those days; Brisbane Butler, the dry humorist and delightful impersonator, enthusiastic Shakespearian and antiquary, who taught boys to



QUADRANGLE FRONT OF BIG SCHOOL.

in all departments of life, suggesting that here, too, is *la carrière ouverte aux talents*; there are adroit diplomatists, able administrators, hard-working politicians; bishops beloved, deans delightful; artists and architects of the foremost rank; men of business, men of law and letters, including one of the most enjoyable humorists of the day, "George Birmingham"; and there are, needless to say, plenty of fighting men. It is not, we may think, merely an Old Haileyburian's sentiment that sees in all these, and in the thousand and one less distinguished but not less useful lives that throughout the world thrill responsively when the name of Haileybury is mentioned, a certain type and style of man, certain characteristics which, like the stamp on the coin, are more clear and definite in the recently moulded, but are recognisable still even after years of wear and tear.

The tendency of the age is all towards uniformity. School life, especially Public School life, is a very active agent in this tendency. Not only are individual peculiarities, good or bad, useful or hurtful, much discouraged among a boy's actual schoolfellows, but all Public Schools are more or less brought into one line, or "pooled," by interchange of masters and frequent sending of members of one family to different schools. Thus the human vintage of each generation is mingled, as it were, in a common vat; and the special growths and separate vineyards cannot assert or develop fully their individual savour. Certain of the older foundations, indeed, resist this tendency with some success; and the old story of the Eton, Harrow, and Winchester boys, and the young lady at Lord's, indicates the public idea of these schools. But it requires a subtle palate or much instructed eye to distinguish the ordinary product of Haileybury from that of Marlborough, Wellington, Cheltenham, or other schools of the same type.

Nevertheless, there is some perceptible difference. And one Haileybury man will quickly spot another, as will a Marlborough man another Marburian. What the precise difference is is exceedingly difficult to indicate. Whatever qualities are asserted of one Public School boy may be in greater or less degree claimed for another. There are no monopolies in character. But if we find, in any position, a quiet-mannered, self-possessed man, doing his own work well and thoroughly, ready to take up other work, but not leaving his own duties to seek it, always there when he is wanted, never aiming at self-glorification, and slightly surprised when distinction falls to him, a man with a singular distaste and inaptitude for self-advertisement and a true workman's dislike of leaving his job undone; well, that man may belong to any one of our Public Schools, but he is very likely indeed to be an Old Haileyburian.

Naturally these characteristics, while they make for general efficiency and are invaluable in the frictionless working of the great world machine, do not tend to the production of the unique, the "Hero" desiderated by Carlyle. And it may be seriously questioned whether the present very visible lack of great English leaders, in any department of action or thought, is not due to the levelling down of our educational systems. It was said of a great man, "Nature made him and then broke the mould." Our system of education leaves very little of the making to Nature, and insists that the mould shall not be broken. William Morris, one of the greatest influences in English artistic effort, was only at Marlborough for a very brief time. Haileybury in the same way gave but a brief shelter to a well known modern man of letters, as also to a distinguished musical composer; and not much longer to a soldier and administrator whom she is proud to number among her ennobled sons. The modern Public School man,

the Haileyburian not least is, in fact, a compromise a product of opposite forces adjusted to a working relation; all divergencies but the strongest are corrected to uniformity. The little talent for drawing, the slight taste for music, the inclination to poetry or romance, they are all put into the mill, forced under the drill-sergeant, and, except in the case of very unusual ability, nullified, dummified, extinguished. Examples will occur to everyone: there is no need to labour the point. But when the Englishman glories, as he legitimately may, in the fine characters produced by the Public School system, he may be reminded, in return, of the sad dearth of leaders from which we are now suffering.

No account of Haileybury can be complete without reference to its surroundings: the noble, elm-shaded playing fields, which its bursars, notably the late W. E. Russell, secured for it, watchfully seizing every opportunity for adding field to field; and its free and open

heath, and green "Roman road," haunts of nightingales and happy hunting grounds of "bug-hunters" and blackberry-gatherers; providing also to many a young spirit, lonely, and perhaps crushed under the weight of his first experiences of school life, an assuaging asylum of "delight and liberty."

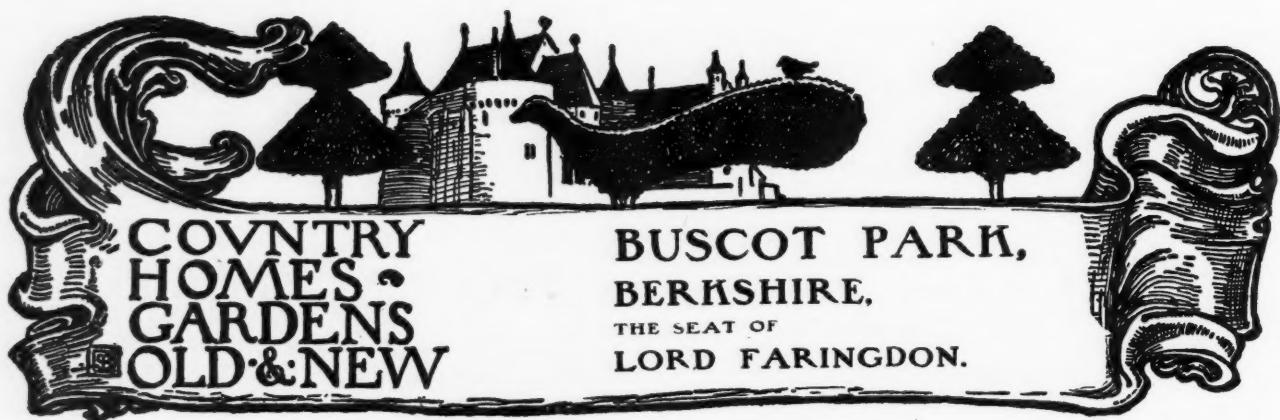
## THE KING'S LIVERPOOLS

*The Story of the King's (Liverpool Regiment)*, by T. R. Threlfall, with a Preface by the Earl of Derby, K.G. (COUNTRY LIFE Series of Military Histories, 6s. net.)

LORD DERBY has good right to commend Mr. Threlfall's Story of the King's Liverpools to that great regiment and its admirers. Before compulsion came, before even the Derby scheme of attesting was established, he had done splendid work as Recruiter-in-Chief to his local corps. Before even the first year of the war was closed the old Eighth Foot had expanded its establishment to twenty-one battalions, excluding the First Dock Battalion, which was also invented by Lord Derby. Mr. Threlfall tells the gallant story of the regiment well and picturesquely. Keeping clear of the technical detail which disfigures for the general reader the old sort of regimental history, he shows us Lord Ferrers raising the regiment for James II in 1685, mainly in Derbyshire, but partly in Herts and in London. Ferrers soon surrendered the colonelcy, and in 1687 the regiment was commanded by James Duke of Berwick. He perhaps owed to the Churchill blood in his veins the real military ability which he showed on every battlefield from the Danube to the Tagus. Had he been the legitimate and not the natural son of James II, he would as a soldier-king, with Marlborough's genius to guide him, have made England a first-class military Power. The early days of the regiment, then named after Princess Anne of Denmark, were stormy enough, and the revolt of "the Portsmouth Captains" against the enrolment of Irish Catholic recruits makes an odd story. Renamed "The Queen's" on Anne's accession, the Eighth fought all through Marlborough's campaigns, and more than once proved to be the cutting edge of his army. Richmond Webb was a great colonel, and under his leadership the Queen's saved the situation at Nimegue. Lord Cutts, the "Salamander" of these Flemish wars, used two companies in his amazing assault at Venloo, and their grenadier company (the bombers of to-day) were to the fore in many another madcap venture. We have no space to recapitulate Mr. Threlfall's stirring narratives of the Queen's at Blenheim, to which he devotes a chapter, at Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet; but they make proud reading for the regiment. And so the story marches through the campaigns of the later eighteenth century over Europe and Canada to Abercromby's exploit at Aboukir. The Indian Mutiny saw the regiment doing heroic things at Delhi, Lucknow and Cawnpore, and three V.C.s were won in South Africa. But it is to the eight chapters which deal with the King's record during the first two years of the present war that the reader will perhaps turn first. Mr. Threlfall tells the story as fully as he may, and has been at pains to set out the many distinctions which have been won by officers and men. Up to June, 1916, the regiment had lost about a hundred officers killed, and the long list of wounded printed in an appendix shows that the regiment has not spared itself in the great task. The volume is well illustrated by portraits and maps, and the coloured frontispiece shows in what gallant array the private of 1742 fronted the enemy.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN MEMORIAL 1899-1902.



LOCAL records say nothing of a house existing in the park of Buscot earlier than 1780. The manor was bought from the Stonors in 1557 by Walter Loveden. His last direct descendant, Edward, died childless in 1749, leaving his estates to a great-nephew, Edward Loveden Townsend, then an infant, who took his surname, and in due time built, or it may be rebuilt, the house now illustrated. There is a vague tradition that Robert Adam was the architect, but those elements, such as ceilings and fireplaces, which have escaped later alterations are clearly not of his design, and have a look of Wyatt. Moreover, in all the mass of drawings and notes about Adam's works in the Soane Museum there is nothing to give a hint that Loveden ever employed him.

About sixty years ago the Lovedens sold Buscot to a Mr. Campbell, a wealthy Colonial who had strong views about beet and started on the estate a great industry. A fortune was sunk in buildings, but Campbell was a prophet born out of due time, and despite the help of French experts

who promised to produce Cognac from beet, the enterprise collapsed. The factories have been pulled down, and nothing remains to tell of the project but a long range of stables for the cows who were designed to consume the crushed beet and so to utilise the waste products. Mr. Campbell's hand was laid heavily on the house. He added the top storey and built the porch, which replaced the original double stairway to the entrance door.

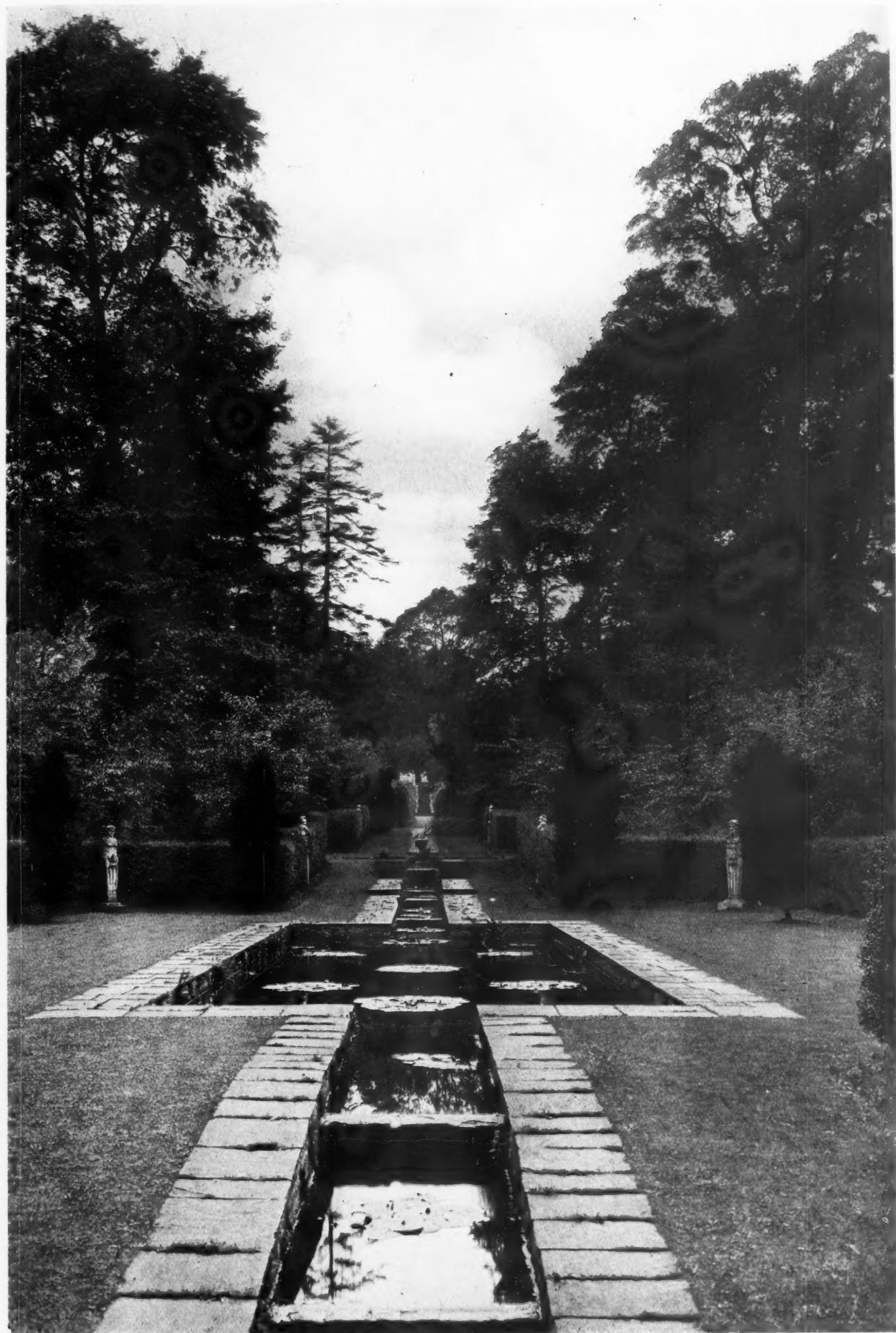
Of recent years a bachelor's wing has been added on the west side by Lord Faringdon, who bought the estate about thirty years ago. His chief work at Buscot during the last ten years has been to create a formal garden of singular charm under the guidance of Mr. Harold Peto, who also devised the forecourt with its piers. The idea of the design was to form a connecting link between the house and the twenty acre lake which lies on a much lower level to the north-east. The accompanying pictures show how admirably complete is the chain of stairways, paths and pools. We begin our travels between house and lake at



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1.—ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—LOOKING SOUTH-WEST UP THE STEPPED CANAL.

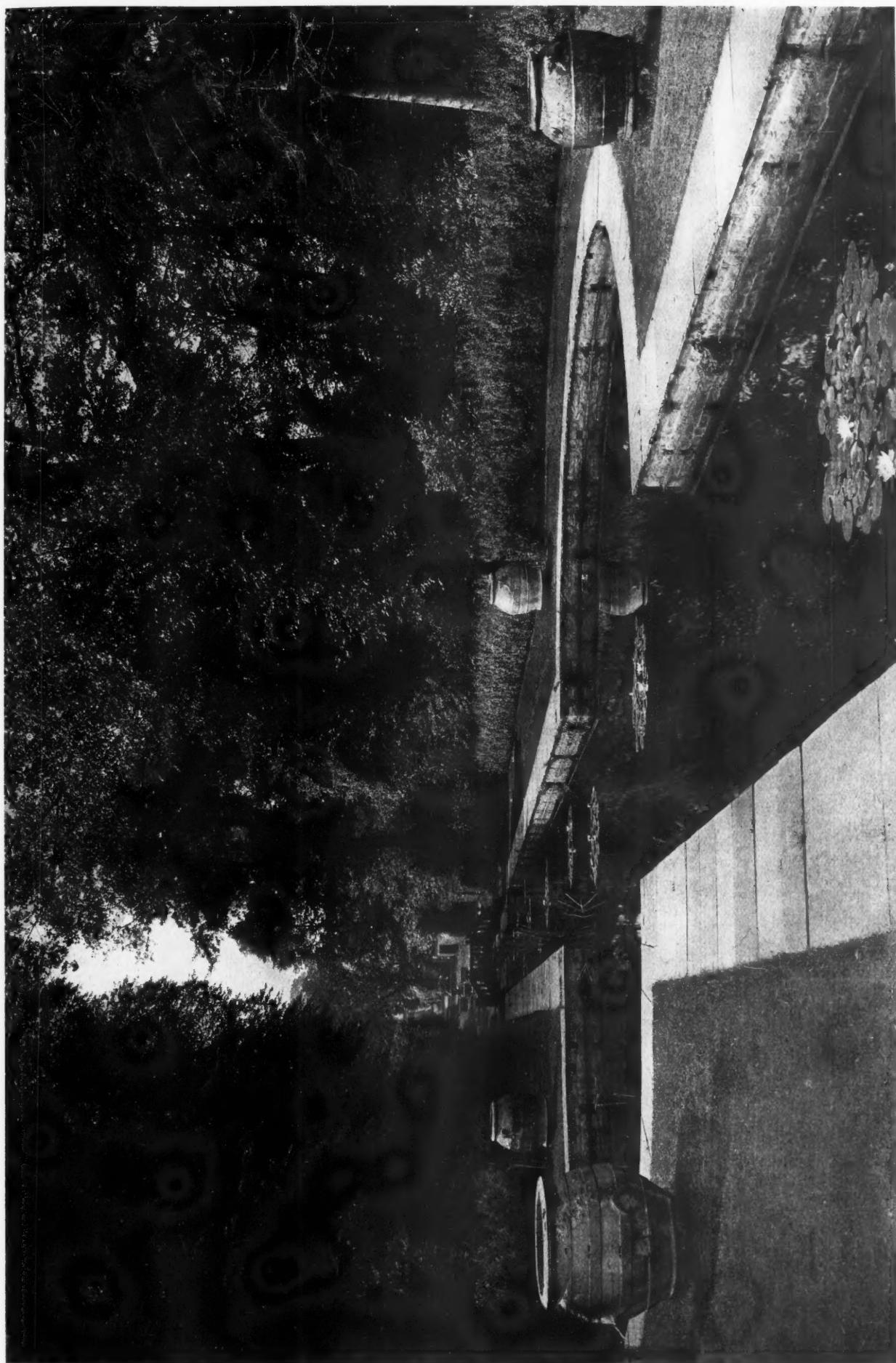
"COUNTRY LIFE."



3.—LOOKING NORTH-EAST TOWARDS THE LAKE.



4.—ONE OF THE UPPER POOLS.



5.—THE LOWER POOL GARDEN LOOKING SOUTH-WEST.

Copyright.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

[Oct. 21st, 1916.]



6.—BRIDGE AT JUNCTION OF UPPER AND LOWER GARDENS.



7.—LOOKING SOUTH-WEST UP THE STAIRWAY.

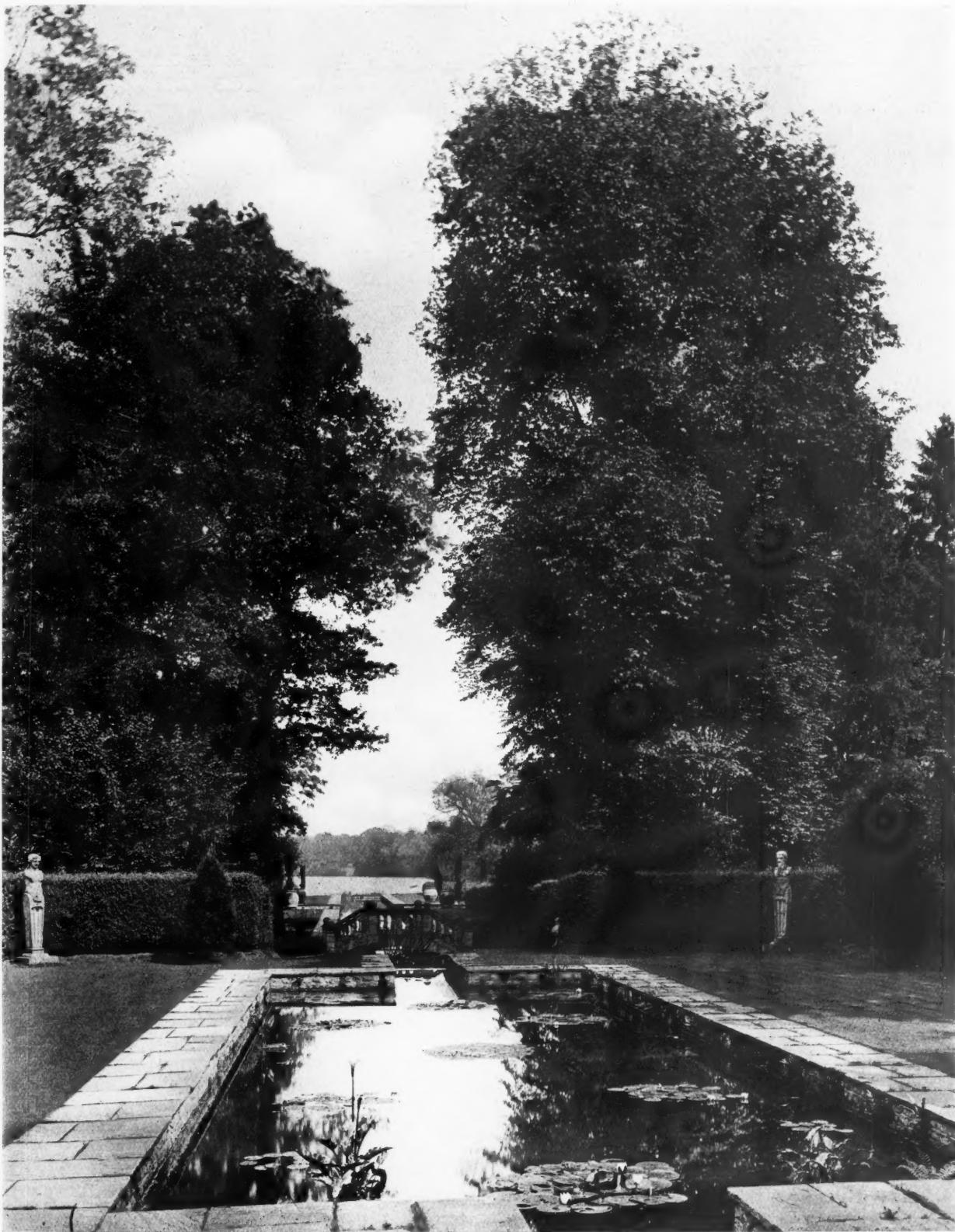
"COUNTRY LIFE."

a point to the north-east of the lawns and terrace which border the north front of the house. The views from the terrace stretch out to Lechlade with its spire and to the wireless station on the Cotswolds. Fig. 3 shows the head of the stairway looking towards the lake. We begin to descend, and Fig. 7 marks our view as we turn and look up towards the house. This photograph was taken last spring before the great gale which wrought so much havoc everywhere. Only a corner of the house is seen at the end of the vista between the two Italian shafts of white marble with twisted stems, which finish in gaping masks (seen letter in Fig. 3). Unhappily, one of the great elms which stood behind these rococo shafts succumbed to the storm, and the house is now plainly visible. The falling elm played a strange prank. It struck one of the piers a violent blow, shattered the base on which it stood, flung it up into the air and caught it absolutely unharmed in the fork of a branch, whence it was, with considerable difficulty, brought safely to the ground. At the foot of this stairway we go on downwards by a sloping path between a row of tall pillars of rough masonry veiled in clematis and climbing roses to where the woods are cleft by a series of little lawns bordered by trim box hedges, which have grown to nearly 6ft. in height during their twelve years of life. Through them threads a long canal which widens now and again into pools flanked by Italian stone seats and guarded by "terms" of the gods of Rome carved in a tufa-like stone. In the midst of the first shaped pool we come to (Fig. 4) is a charming fountain with a

diving boy caught in a dolphin's embrace. At this point the fall in the ground is marked by steps in the canal, causing movement which keeps the water clear and limpid. The next pool in the upper chain is a simple rectangle (Figs. 2 and 8). At this point the original scheme stopped, to be continued about five years ago by the creation of a system of canal and pools on the lower level. The little

long vista at the other side of the lake is a domed and columned garden temple (just visible in Fig. 8).

So much for what art has done for the garden, but the lake itself is full of natural charm. It is the home of the crested grebe and of many sorts of wild duck, but they do not prosper greatly. Broods of ten duckling gradually diminish, gobbled up by big jack, until but



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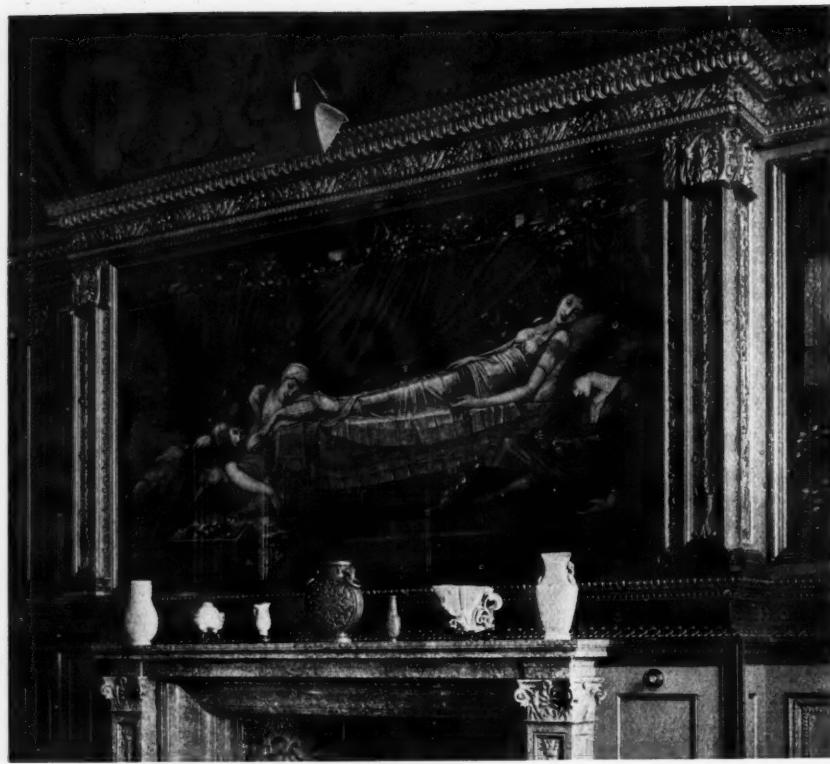
8.—UPPER POOL GARDEN: LOOKING NORTH-EAST TOWARDS THE LAKE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

stone footbridge (Fig. 6) marks the junction of the upper and lower gardens. Below it the hedges have not had time to grow to their full stature, but the water-lilies play their part in decorating the wide looped canal (Fig. 5), which carries the design on to the lake itself. We look in vain for goldfish, for the herons which nest in the near wood have other views as to their use. Marking the close of the

one or two are left. Jack as heavy as 27lb. have been caught in the lake, and no small trouble they give in landing. Before we return to the house a visit is paid to the three walled gardens and the dignified range of eighteenth century stabling. One of the hothouses shelters a notable veteran, a vine of purple grapes directly descended from the Hampton Court vine and believed to be the eldest

in Great Britain after its historic and still vigorous forebear

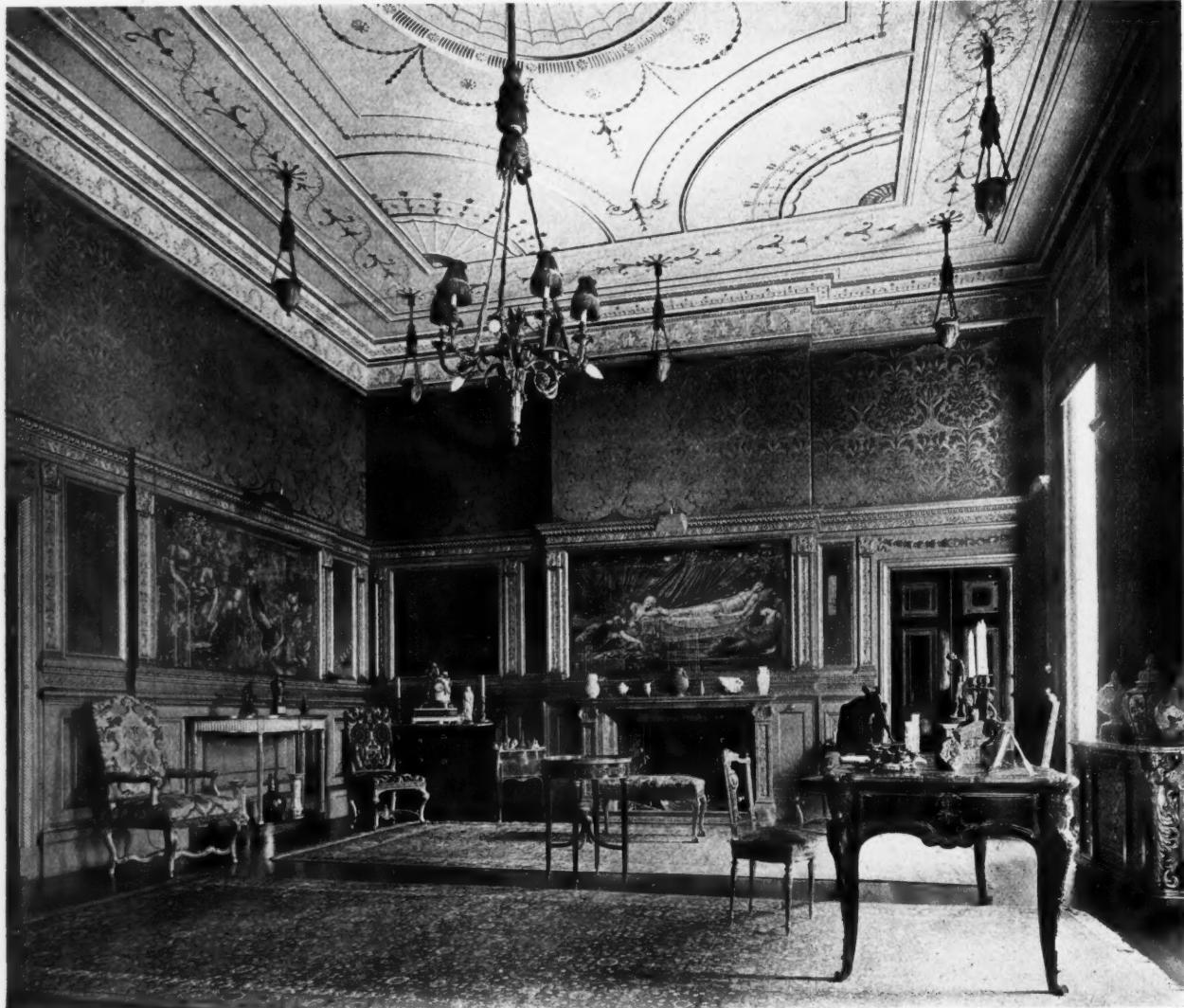
Lord Faringdon has made small changes in the fabric of his house, but his collection of pictures gives the interior a notable distinction. Here are the "Dudley" Botticelli, Sir Joshua's "Mercury Cuppurse" and his "Barbara, Countess of Coventry." Rembrandt's portrait of Burgo-master Six as a young man hangs in the dining-room. Unlike the picture of him in the Six Collection at Amsterdam, the painter's old patron is shown as he must have looked before Rembrandt's irregular



9.—THE ROSE BOWER.

HERE LIES THE HOARDED LOVE, THE KEY  
TO ALL THE TREASURE THAT SHALL BE.  
COME, FATED HAND, THE GIFT TO TAKE  
AND SMITE THE SLEEPING WORLD AWAKE.—*William Morris*

treatment of his friend brought estrangement. It is, however, for the examples of the work of Sir Edward Burne-Jones that the Buscot Collection is most notable. As early as 1871 the artist began a series illustrating the Story of the Briar Rose. The first set lacked the picture of the Garden Court, but a larger set finished in 1874 included it. Not, however, until 1890 was the final series exhibited, the result of twenty years' labour and development. All London flocked to Messrs. Agnew's galleries. Enthusiasm amounting to ecstasy took the place of the



carping depreciation against which Burne-Jones had fought for twenty-four years. The Briar Rose marked, moreover, an epoch in the artist's life, for a serious and disabling illness overtook him then and kept him from his work for some time. The pictures had always been intended for use as decorations, and Lord Faringdon (then Mr. Alexander Henderson) acquired them for the drawing-room at Buscot. When Burne-Jones visited the house (he was staying with William Morris at Kelmscott at the time) their setting did not satisfy him. He therefore designed a framework of gilt wood which should give a unity to the four pictures, the Briar Wood, the Council Room, the Garden Court and the Rose Bower. For the intervening spaces he painted narrow panels which continue the rose motif. In the billiard-room hang ten cartoons of another famous subject to which Burne-Jones began to give attention in 1875 and returned again and again during his long life of painting—the Story of Perseus. Some of these were afterwards the subjects of more elaborately finished independent pictures in oils, but this set is complete in itself. Other artists of a very different sort worked in this room—the Brothers Martin, potters. The fireplace is wholly of their making and is probably the largest work they ever undertook. Already they have attained a high place in the annals of English ceramics, though more for their simple pieces, such as bowls and vases. For such an ambitious work as the great fireplace at Buscot they lacked the architectonic sense, but in detail their potter's work is very beautiful.

Altogether Lord Faringdon has shown a catholic taste in adorning his house out of treasures both old and new and all distinguished in their kind.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.

## PUBLIC SCHOOL WAR MEMORIALS

TON asks us to let our Old Etonian readers know that their Association, in conjunction with representatives of the Provost and Fellows, has formed a Committee to consider the scope and form of a memorial to the Etonians who have fallen in the war. It is wise to canvass this important question thus early, but we imagine no final decision will be taken until the war is over and the sum of Eton's sacrifice is known. The problem is not easy of solution for any of the Public Schools, and will be especially difficult for those less well endowed than Eton. All will be anxious to obey the injunction, "Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us," and to give a form of beauty to the sign of their gratitude. But there are always two parties in the discussions on memorials: one utilitarian, anxious to fill some gap in the school's equipment by founding scholarships or dedicating a new building; the other desirous of concentrating on some striking monument which shall speak of heroic sacrifice to the generations following.

The memorial of utility seems best adapted to mark occasions of domestic interest: a jubilee or centenary or the reign of a great head master. But the schools will be commemorating something and larger, more moving than anything that has gone before, a warfare not only of men and arms, but of spiritual ideas, a war to which the Public School boys of Great Britain have brought more than brawn and muscle. The true intent of these memorials will not be that of the old *memento mori*, but to give a vision of lives finely lived in which death was only a final and compelling incident. The Public School memorials of tomorrow will bear witness to generations yet



11.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: "MERCURY CUTPURSE."



Copyright. 12.—REMBRANDT: "THE BURGOMASTER SIX." "C.L."  
Pictures at Buscot Park.

unborn, of a knightliness, a wealth of sacrifice and a hardiness never before equalled even by the men who fought under Drake and Nelson, Marlborough and Wellington. For due memorial of these great spiritual forces we may well demand monuments like Miltonic poems, of a rich yet austere beauty devoted to giving expression to pride and gratitude as well as sorrow. Because we are a nation devoted to compromise, the Public Schools will probably divide their efforts between both types of memorial, and provided that means are large enough to yield a monument of adequate dignity, this will be the wisest course. That nothing will be the same after the war is abundantly true of the Public Schools. The incomes of the classes to whom Public School education means so much will be gravely reduced, and the problem of ways and means will be real to all and insoluble for some. Already some schools have made great efforts to establish scholarships for the sons of fallen officers, and no more practical form of memorial could be devised. Open scholarships need to be greatly increased in number, but it is to be hoped that they will be so far limited in scope that they go only to those boys who need them. The awarding of rich scholarships to boys whose parents are rich has long been something of a scandal. It is to be hoped that memorial schemes of a purely utilitarian sort will be excluded from consideration. Some such followed the South African War, but it would be bathos to commemorate this conflict of the nations by a new swimming bath or larger playing fields. After South Africa, 1899-1902, Eton chose well, and theirs was the finest memorial of that long and weary campaign. It took the form of a large building containing a school hall and library, and its strictly memorial feature was a panelled composition on which were carved the names of the Etonians who fell. This roll of honour is a work of great richness, and a definite point of interest was given by using it as the background for a bust of Queen Victoria. This was a good idea, for it associated Eton's sacrifice with the close of a great reign. To-day we shall do well to associate our greater memorials with the Sovereign under whom the whole Empire has been fused in its stern fight for the world's liberty.

At Haileybury South Africa was commemorated by a fine obelisk; at Clifton by a statue of St. George in the quad. One practical point should be kept in clear view by every such Committee—the choice of the ablest available architects and sculptors for any monumental work. In the past there has been a tendency to entrust school memorials to "Old Boys" regardless of their aesthetic skill. This shows a kindly spirit, but it often leads to results highly disappointing. It would be invidious to cite examples, but those who are familiar with the artistic level of the memorials of the South African campaign will see the justice of this warning. There need be little fear of the inscriptions failing in dignity and that note of restrained emotion which the greatness of the hour demands. Whatever may be said against the classical tradition of our schools in the field of pure education, it makes the right atmosphere for the epigraphic art, and there are models at hand for guidance. On the Clifton monument (1899-1902) Sir Henry Newbolt wrote:

Clifton, remember these thy sons who fell  
Fighting far over sea:  
For they in a dark hour remembered well  
Their warfare learned of thee.

When he comes to write the long farewell to his schoolfellows of a later day he can scarcely strike a more moving note. To the Haileybury memorial Dr. Montagu Butler gave two inscriptions of a fine dignity:

Haileyburiensibus in Africa pro patria mortuis  
Haileyburia filiorum memor

and

Sta puer et revocans quos abstulit Africa fratres  
Vivere pro patria discere morique tua

—a fine elegiac couplet. Above all is it necessary that these inscriptions should speak to the boys who will have in their hands the defence and honour of the Empire in the days to come. As Tennyson wrote:

Their names,  
Graven on memorial columns, are a song  
Heard in the future.

L. W.

## IN THE GARDEN

### IN A LAND OF ROSES.

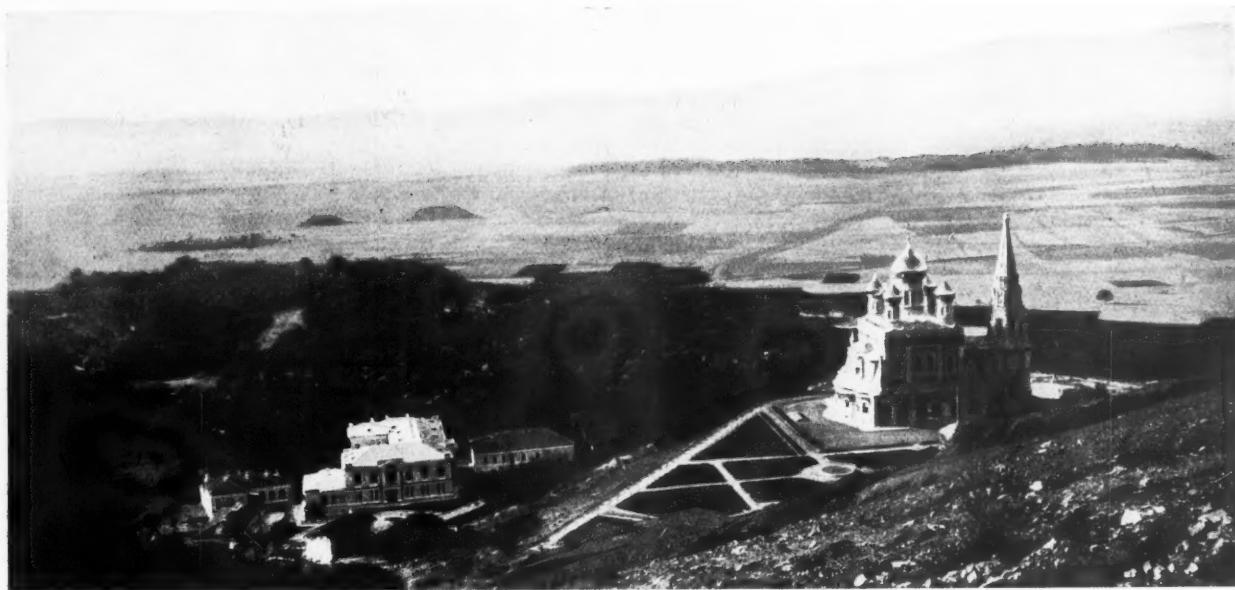
**T**HE Rose fields of Bulgaria present a scene of unusual splendour in the early hours of a June morning when Rose picking is in full swing. Standing upon a hilltop and looking across a valley of fragrant Roses, it is good to see the aged peasant folk mingled with youths and sloe-eyed maidens, all of them in their picturesque costumes and many of the latter wearing Roses in their hair, all wending their way among the Roses; but this is a scene in the piping days of peace. Alas, how different now!

The Roses are gathered in the early hours before the morning dew has left them; not that the fragrance is greater then, for the whole air is far sweeter with the odour of Rose in the heat of the day, but the Roses yield less attar and

of poorer quality if gathered when the sun is on them, and it is only on cloudy days that picking is continued after ten o'clock. Baskets are filled with opened and half-opened buds and taken to the distillery near by, where, after a lengthy but crude process of distillation, the attar of Roses is prepared. The Bulgarians are very primitive in all their ways and not least in their mode of preparing the precious attar of Roses; the blooms, with sepals attached, are all distilled together, and it is said to take 100,000 Roses to yield an ounce of attar. The Rose grown is the very fragrant red Damask Rose (*Rosa damascena*), a variety not known in an uncultivated condition. The bushes are planted close together in rows, each row making a compact hedge from 3ft. to 5ft. high and extending as far as the eye can see. The hedges separating plantations are usually defined by a



GATHERING ROSES NEAR KAZANLIK, BULGARIA.



THE RUSSIAN MONASTRY AT SHIPKA PASS.

stronger growing form of the Damask Rose having white flowers, and the blooms are mixed indiscriminately with the red Roses when harvesting takes place.

From high up on the Shipka Pass a general view of the famous valley of Roses of Kazanlik is obtained, and in the foreground the Russian monastery at Shipka, with its gilded cupolas, stands out in bold relief. It is interesting to recall that this grand and palatial building was erected by the Russians to commemorate the defeat of the Turks at Shipka Pass. The Bulgarians allowed the Russians to build this noble edifice, and then forbade the inhabitants to use it. A few years ago the writer of this note, together with a small party of friends, attended Divine Service here, and the only other persons present were a Russian priest and a woman caretaker.

All through the history of Bulgaria this unfortunate country has been oppressed by cruel Turks. The good-natured and affable peasant folk of Bulgaria know that the independence of their country is largely the work of English hands and English hearts, but a bewildering change has overtaken them. For a

years. The ancient and sweet-scented Cabbage Rose (*Rosa centifolia*) is there extensively grown. The flowers are gathered from mid-April till early June and made into attar and Rose pomade. With superior methods of distillation in France and favourable climatic conditions, this important industry of Bulgaria is threatened with serious opposition after the war.

HERBERT COWLEY

## MOLE-DRAINAGE

**T**HE cultivation of more wheat is urgently recommended by the Board of Agriculture, but a succession of wet seasons has shown that on our heavy soils an excess of water too frequently calls aloud for drainage. Ordinary drainage requires an amount of labour difficult to obtain at the present time. Therefore the agriculturist must

turn to labour-saving implements, among which the mole-plough has much to recommend it. Mole-drainage is not applied nearly enough, for its effect is excellent, rapid and lasting on clay soil; its execution is easy, and large extents may be treated in a short time at little expense.

Large mole-ploughs working at from 2½ in. to 3½ in. depth are nearly all built on the same principle, although the frames differ considerably. A coulter bears a sock to which a "mole" is attached by means of eyes. The mole is a somewhat egg-shaped piece of iron about 3½ in. wide at its greatest diameter. The depth at which the sock and, consequently, the mole works is regulated by the adjustment of the coulter into the beam. When at work the beam slides on the surface following the undulations of the soil, so that sock and mole respond to the same undulations and the drains are level or not, according to the surface of the soil. The plough is carried on three or four wheels, which can be lowered or raised according to requirements. Generally a seat is provided for the ploughman, who steers by a hand gear action on the fore-wheels. Generally also, the plough is provided with a lever, which permits it to be gradually levered out of the soil at the end of

the drain. This plough used to be drawn by horses; now it is worked by motor power. Sometimes two machines are used, one at each end of the drain. Sometimes one machine draws the plough and horses bring it back. A good tractor could do the work.

The main must be cut a few inches deeper than the side drains and before these are made, because standing water is injurious to the drains. These mains may be cut by a machine



THE ROSE PICKERS.

wild pledge of Empire and driven by a German monarch they have betrayed their traditions and made war upon the very nations which gave them freedom from the oppression of the Turks.

It is now very doubtful if the peaceful industry of Rose-growing in Bulgaria will regain its pre-war standard, for in the South of France, especially in the neighbourhood of Grasse, the area devoted to Roses has been largely increased in recent

if the importance of the work justifies its use. Sometimes, already, existing ditches are used as mains, and then hand labour is almost eliminated. Then, at the distance apart allowed for the drains, holes are dug near the main at the proper depth in which the mole is placed to start the work, which proceeds towards the higher parts of the field. A connection by means of pipes is made between the main and the side drains.

Small mole-ploughs working at about 14in. depth are made like ordinary subsoil ploughs. A broad trapezoidal coulter carrying the mole-sock is suspended from the frame. There is no separate mole. A skeith precedes and cuts a way for the coulter. These ploughs, drawn by four or six horses, according to the soil, can perform a considerable amount of work a day, and are very useful in case of emergency or for temporary work. In ridged soil the drains would be most effective. On the flat they must be placed closer together, because the effect of each drain is limited to a much smaller area.

In heavy soil the depth of the drain must not be reduced because of the absence of sufficient moisture in the subsoil, which facilitates the passage of the mole, but the work may be delayed. In exceptional cases it is postponed till February, but this year it will be possible in October. Generally it is done during winter, when time can best be spared for the purpose. In any soil but clay it can be done at any time provided the crops be not damaged in the process. Drains run about 3ft. deep will be freed from the action of the atmosphere and are not easily obstructed by roots. The mole slipping through the soil compresses the sides of the drain, making them firm so that they will not easily be damaged, though they may contract or swell slightly under the influence of drought or moisture. Moreover, the diameter—3½in.—of the mole gives a full allowance for accidental crumbling.

Mole-drainage will last a long time, sometimes fifteen to twenty years or even more, sometimes only seven years. It lasts longest in homogeneous stiff clay. In sandy and gravelly soils,

which have but little cohesion, the walls soon collapse and choke the drains. The same occurs in clays containing patches of sand and gravel. The presence of a few stones in the soil is no obstacle to the execution of the drainage. Where in a generally favourable soil a few unsuitable spots are met with drain pipes are often used with advantage. These spots may be recognised by the greater ease with which the drain plough moves. Between the extremes of stiff clay and sand intermediate consistency is found.

Mole-drains work best in landed soil. There they may be made 7yd. apart. In grassland they will keep relatively longer than in arable, in which they are best made the last year of the clover or seeds rotation.

The cost of mole-drainage, including mains and heads of branches, was estimated before the war at between £1 and £1 10s. per acre when the work is done by a contractor. To the owner of a considerable area of land which requires drainage it would be advantageous to possess a mole-plough so as to submit his land to a regular mole-drainage rotation and keep it always well drained.

An objection to mole-drainage is that it can only be applied to regularly sloping surfaces. As a matter of fact, mole-ploughs work at a uniform depth under the surface. They are not yet provided with devices allowing them to work either level under uneven surfaces or sloping under level surfaces, so that water in the drain may be prevented from being carried off. This, however, is a merely theoretical objection, because it is nearly always possible to scheme out the drainage in such a way that a natural slope can be found. In flat soil mole-drains are often made about 5½yd. or 6yd. apart. When the drains have deteriorated new ones must be made, but it would be possible to prevent this necessity by passing the mole-plough through the same drains before they are completely useless. The work would be easier and would again last for a long time afterwards.

H. VENDELMANS.

## LITERATURE

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK

*Portraits of the Seventies*, by G. W. E. Russell. (Fisher Unwin.)

ONCE more the army of Victorian celebrities is on parade. But Mr. Russell does not make a very searching review. The fact that they march past in the following order, Justin McCarthy, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Argyll, Lord Hartington, to name only the first five, shows at once that the author is out for gossip rather than thinking. He tells us in an introductory note that an enterprising publisher asked him to write "the book we are all waiting for," and that it was to consist of "interesting things told you in confidence." Mr. Russell accepts the definition, "I quite agree and very readable indeed," but with an air of affronted virtue he protests that to betray confidence is to him a crime impossible. Without saying anything about the protestation it may be hinted that he and his enterprising publisher may have been very much mistaken. There is always an appetite for secret history revelations and ill-natured gossip, but it is smaller just now than it ever was before in the history of England. Far more needed is a serious examination of the part played by the self-satisfied Victorians in carrying on the great construction work begun by their forefathers. If Mr. Russell had ever conceived such an idea he would not have placed in "the vanguard of his men" that amiable nonentity Mr. Justin McCarthy, whose greatest feats were the writing of a very thin journalistic "History of our Times," and writing "ditto" to the official Liberalism of the Eighties in his *Daily News* leading articles, when at the same time he was saying "ditto" to the Parnellite policy of "denunciation in the House, obstruction in the Lobby, and hostility in the constituencies." This might be very skilful acrobatics, but it was not heroic. It was "tact and amiability," says Mr. Russell, of a kind common to this day suggests what Thomas Hardy might call the "chorus of the Ironies."

In regard to Beaconsfield, the second of these portrait studies, the awakened soul of England asks what this Statesman of Eastern origin and authority on the Eastern Question did to advance or simplify our policy in the Near East. Was his a positively vicious or a delaying and negative policy? If you consult Mr. Russell, he replies with a mouldy

joke or a bit of gossip, such as "The Whigs could not take him seriously," "Old Diz Prime Minister!" or "The last Government was the Derby; this was the Hoax." It may be that a perpetual fount of laughter lies embedded in these and similar "Dizzyana," but the prosperity of a jest lies in the ear of the hearer, and few of us are inclined to laugh as heartily to-day at these witticisms as those who first heard them may have done.

Gladstone ought to have been made a far more interesting study, but though the portrait drawn of him is one of the most intimate in the book, it does not tell us why we have now to pay so dearly for Gladstone's subordination of foreign policy to domestic reform. Instead there is much about his physical fitness. Granville said:

Don't talk to me of Gladstone's wonderful mind—we know all about that—what I envy is his wonderful body.

Gladstone was great in the open air. Late in life he could do his measured mile in twelve minutes. At Balmoral he would have formed a splendid companion to the present Prince of Wales as he enjoyed a stroll of five and twenty miles or so, and lightly wearing the burden of fourscore years he made the ascent of Snowden. Also he loved his dinner and his wine to the very end. In old age if he began to write a paper or compose a speech with a bottle of port in the room "I should drink it to the last drop." Of his conversation it is said :

When he dined with Queen Victoria, he would break in upon the reverent undertones, in which courtiers delight, with dissertations on the Athanasiand Creed, or the relation of Zeus to the minor deities; whereas the astuter Beaconsfield would bracket the Queen and himself in the subtle phrase "We authors," or lead the conversation to water-colour drawing, and the cousinships of German princes. At my own table, I have heard Gladstone lecture to a parcel of eager Radicals, who never entered a church, on the proper place for the organ, and the best rendering of *Dies Irae*. He treated with equal eloquence the improvement of dentistry, the price of wine, and the convenience of lifts.

Very good trimmings, but rather thin as a *pièce de résistance*! The reader hungry for an answer to the important question he has been forced to ask himself about politics and politicians may give up the quest in despair. The Victorian politicians were what Dr. Johnson would have

called "barren rascals" as far as foreign policy was concerned.

Chamberlain was as much so as the others, but in this pen portrait occurs the following curious sidelight on the Election of 1885. Says Mr. Russell:

We were saved from destruction by the agricultural labourers, whom the policy of "three acres and a cow" had attracted. Just after the Election Chamberlain was dining at a house where a silver cow was one of the ornaments on the dinner-table, and he apostrophized it with unmistakable sincerity—"Oh you blessed animal! Where should we have been without you?"

This is amusing and there are plenty of stories at least as good in this volume. A few years ago it would have been very welcome, but its triviality at this moment is annoying. The debt of gratitude we owe the Victorians for many things is immeasurable, but in political wisdom they were lacking, and there is room for a thoughtful work showing where they built well and truly on the one hand and, on the other, where they showed themselves incredibly blind and cocksure.

## LITERARY NOTES

### NOTES ON VERSE.

ACCOMPANYING *Reveries Over Childhood and Youth* and *Responsibilities*, both published by Macmillan and Co., is a notice that these volumes were printed for W. B. Yeats last year by the Cualon Press, but not sent out for review. The Reveries are dedicated "To those few people, mainly personal friends, who have read all that I have written." It is a book of Memories and would have been more charming than it is if only the author had possessed more of the novelist's delight in manners and insight into character, unceasing interest in human nature, and the humorous toleration which is its natural result. The poet takes himself too seriously. Yet it is instructive to be personally conducted over the process of his making. Probably the effect will be bad, because he has chosen this critical moment to insist on his sympathy with the Irish rebellion. "The late Dublin rebellion," he writes, "whatever one may say of its wisdom, will long be remembered for its heroism. They weighed so lightly what they gave, and gave, too, in some cases, without hope of success!" Egoism could not go further. The rebellion took place when England was at war with a bitter and relentless foe, and those to whom he refers as heroes treacherously attempted to secure the help of that enemy. Young English lads who never dreamed of opinions hostile to Ireland paid with their innocent lives for this outbreak. A poet is assumed to have imagination, but so dense is Mr. Yeats that he does not comprehend what his brethren on this side of the Channel are bound to feel; for note that in the same breath in which he proclaims his sympathy with the rebels he is appealing for English patronage and gold. That is the simple interpretation of what he has done. It was, in fact, London that made him. After the introductory lines, he begins "The Grey Rock" with a confession that this is so:

"Poets with whom I learned my trade  
Companions of the Cheshire Cheese."

Incidentally, these lines, with others, such as "Romantic Ireland's dead and gone," show that Mr. Yeats is at his best when handling themes of the day. His tales of mysticism, psychology, superstition, spirit rapping and so on account for the unreality of so much of his most pretentious work. There is no intention to run down his verse because he writes foolishly of politics. Of the great Wordsworth as well as of Yeats it is true that though his verse is voluminous, the immortal lines are only a handful.

In the introduction to his *Soldier Songs* (Herbert Jenkins) Patrick Macgill prints some of the queer songs untutored Tommy loves to sing. Here is a very popular and typical one :

"Sing me to sleep where bullets fall,  
Let me forget the war and all;  
Damp is my dug-out, cold my feet,  
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat.  
Over the sandbags helmets you'll find  
Corpses in front and corpses behind."

Still more amusing are his efforts in French. Says Mr. Macgill: "The Tommy is a singing soldier; he sings to the village patronne even when ordering food, and his song is in French.

"Voulez vous donnez moi  
Si'l vous plait  
Pain et beurre  
Et café au lait."

He serenades the maiden at the village pump :

"Après la guerre fini  
Soldat Anglais partee,  
M'selle Frongsay boko pleury,  
Après la guerre fini."

The author's own verses are, of course, far beyond these as literature, but yet they are not as original as they might be. Mr. Macgill is still too near the war to write well about it. The style is generally too ornate. Soldiers do not say "The night is full of magic" or "The cross is twined with gossamer." We give a typical example to show what we mean :

"Along the road in the evening the brown battalions wind,  
With the trenches' threat of death before, the peaceful homes behind;  
And luck is with you or luck is not as the ticket of fate is drawn,  
The boys go up to the trench at dusk, but who will come back at dawn?

"The winds come soft of an evening o'er the fields of golden grain,  
The good sharp scythes will cut the corn ere we come back again;  
The village girls will tend the grain and mill the Autumn yield,  
While we go forth to other work upon another field.

"They'll cook the big brown Flemish loaves and tend the oven fire,  
And while they do the daily toil of barn and bench and byre  
They'll think of hearty fellows gone and sigh for them in vain—  
The billet boys, the London lads who won't come back again."

Mr. H. H. Bashford is a poet who at one time contributed very freely to the pages of *COUNTRY LIFE*, and therefore needs no introduction. Our readers interested in poetry will soon discover that the majority of the pieces in this volume became known to them through our pages. "The High Road":

"Oh, once you were a bridle-path,  
An hundred years and more ago,"

has been often reprinted and quoted since its first appearance. It is very good, though weakened by the introduction of over-fluent couplets, such as :

"Great-grandad was not married then,  
I wonder whom you carried then."

Indeed, the excellence of the poem is marred by just that one fault of over-fluency.

"Little April, in between  
Blushing bride and tomboy,"

is an old favourite ; so is

"Wild, wild cherry,"

perhaps the best piece in the whole volume.

"Four tubs my little garden bound,"

won many admirers at its birth ; so did the much-quoted :

"Have you seen the lights of London how they twinkle, twinkle, twinkle."

*Songs Out of School* ought not to be missed. It deserves a place in the library of everyone who loves true poetry.

*A Gloucestershire Lad at Home and Abroad*, by F. W. Harvey, is simple and sincere. Although mostly written at the front, it shows that the author's mind was far away in Gloucestershire. It is all very genuine and fine, like the blue eye of an English sailor boy. It contains nothing more characteristic than the opening lines, "In Flanders":

"I'm homesick for my hills again—  
My hills again!  
To see above the Severn plain  
Unscabbarded against the sky  
The blue high blade of Cotswold lie;  
The giant clouds go royally  
By jagged Malvern with a train  
Of shadows. Where the land is low  
Like a huge imprisoning O  
I hear a heart that's sound and high,  
I hear the heart within me cry:  
'I'm homesick for my hills again—  
My hills again!  
Cotswold or Malvern, sun or rain!  
My hills again!'"

And in this the spirit of the county is thoroughly well rendered : not only the spirit of the county, but the consciousness of England—the instinct that has called untravelled men from the remotest places to fight for a great entity, to them expressed in a little homestead, a thatched barn, the sweep of a hill, the murmur of a stream.

### A GLOUCESTERSHIRE WISH AT EASTERTIDE.

"Here's luck, my lads, while Birdlip Hill is steep :—  
—As long as Cotswold's high or Severn's deep.  
Our thoughts of you shall blossom and abide  
While blow the orchards about Severn side :—  
—While a round bubble like the children blow,  
May Hill floats purple in the sunset glow."

"Our prayers go up to bless you where you lie,  
While Gloucester tower stands up against the sky  
To write old thoughts of loveliness, and trace  
Dead men's long living will to give God praise :—  
—Who of His mercy doth His Own Son give  
This blessed morn, that you, and all, may live!"

### A RUSSIAN ON OUR WAR BOOKS.

An interesting point was made by the Russian speakers at a little dinner held to celebrate the publication of the "Soul of Russia" this week. It was, to put it shortly, that we in this country had given in our literature a better expression of the thoughts and feelings of the nation at large than any other of the Allies. "It would," M. Nabokov (First Counsellor of the Russian Embassy) said, "be a task worthy of a Pushkin or a Lermontov to make known in Russia the spirit of our country as shown in half a dozen or so books published since the war, or to describe the deeds of some youth just out of his teens battling in the night with the monsters of the air." Captain de Schoultz of the Russian navy, who has been attached to our Grand Fleet, was equally enthusiastic, and has given proof of his enthusiasm by translating "The First Hundred Thousand." Everywhere—in sailors, soldiers and wounded alike—he was struck by one predominant characteristic—cheerfulness.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### OLD FIRE HOOKS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—I was interested in an account of fire hooks in your issue of the 7th inst. About 1847 I was living at Ipswich, and during the fire of the Ipswich Paper Mills I saw the town fire hooks used to pull down a sixteenth century timber house, as the old hand-worked engine could not stop the progress of the fire. I have no doubt but the fire hooks are still kept in the Custom House, as they were during the time I lived at Ipswich.—ALEXANDER CORDER.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—These rude implements of the past for tackling fires are not so rare as your correspondent, Mr. A. R. Davies, imagines. I have records of them at Streatham and Linton, in Cambridgeshire, and at St. Benet's Church, Cambridge; also at Swalcliffe, West Haddon, Bere Regis Church, Hanslope, Bucks, Thaxted Moot Hall, Yaxley, and Lurgashall, Sussex. In Elizabeth's reign every inhabitant of Warrington, Lancs, who paid 13s. 4d. yearly rent, or above, was compelled to keep "a lather of sixteen steps and a hooke" for the extinguishing of "casual fires," under penalty of a fine in default. Many old houses have iron rings under the eaves to facilitate the use of these hooks. The following, from "Chaucer and his England," may be interesting: "An earthen wall is mentioned . . . The slight structure of the ordinary house appears from the fact that the rioters of 1381 tore so many down,—and that the great storm of 1362 unrooted them wholesale. A reference in 'Liber Albus' says: 'Compare the hook with wooden handle and two ropes which were kept in each ward for the pulling down of burning houses.'" These fire-hooks on long poles are kept in many Swiss villages, and two specimens well known to me hang on a wall not far from the railway station at Wengen, near Interlaken.—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

### TREATMENT FOR A MULBERRY TREE.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—In the garden of these premises (Streatham, S.W.) is a large mulberry tree, and the fruit this season has been fairly plentiful, but of very small size, and little of it ripened. The tree does not appear to be unduly old, but there are large quantities of dead wood on the undersides of the branches. I am anxious to know whether this dead wood would in any way detract from the bearing qualities of the tree, and whether, if the branches were thinned, the fruit would be improved.—SILKWORM.

[It is, of course, too late to save this season's crop, but the health of the tree and its fruiting qualities would be much improved by cutting out all dead wood this autumn. The large dead branches should be sawn clean off as far back as the injury is apparent and then pared around the edges with a sharp pruning knife, covering the large wounds over with tar to prevent further decay. If the branches are overcrowded, a few should be removed to let in light and air.—ED.]

### COAL-DUST AS MANURE.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—Some years ago a flower-bed in a certain Midland garden was treated with a liberal dose of fireplace "coal ash," that is, the finest of the ashes from a fire. This "ash" lay till springtime, and the product of flowers was remarkably fine. Following out an idea generated by this, a rood of land adjoining was treated in the same way with a ton of real coal dust from a pit where the coal was known as "best soft house," spread over the fresh dug ground, raked in and left to the weather of a hard winter, and in the spring set with the usual garden stuff. The crops which resulted were very fine, much better than ordinary. This was set down to the coal-dust dressing. Scientists now say there is radium in coal products, and it may be that waste matter from our coal pits may yet be looked upon as other than waste and turned to profit.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

### OPPOSITE TRENDS IN AGRICULTURE.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—Agricultural progress seems to be drifting to two extremes. On the one side it is drifting towards the large capitalist farmer, who may farm from 2,000 to 3,000 acres, doing as much of the work as possible by mechanical means and employing a considerable amount of skilled labour, and, on the other hand, it is drifting towards the small farmer or smallholder on from 10 acres to 20 acres of land employing little or no labour and doing the work almost entirely himself with the help of his family. Both groups should work on systematic lines, in that they should have examples of well tried plans and schemes of operation to follow. The smallholder who wishes to market his produce daily should be situated near a railway station, so that he may become his own forwarding agent and not have to rely on a collecting dépôt; whereas the large farmer who sells his produce in bulk and at longer intervals may be situated much further afield. The smallholder should not spend his energies on branches of agriculture, such as tillage, which would be much better left to the large agriculturist, but should be taught to devote his attention to those minor branches of agriculture which pay best when the

work is conducted under smallholder conditions. He should be shown how, by the application of suitable combinations of appliances, methods and systems, and by concentrating on one or two of the lesser branches of agriculture, better profits can be obtained than by dabbling in too many. Individual effort should be encouraged and developed to its utmost extent, and experiments should be made in order to ascertain through which channels the individual effort can produce the best financial results. Scientific instruction, that is, how to conduct operations on well tried plans, is quite as important to the smallholder as to the big farmer, but the instruction must necessarily follow different lines: the one must have the objective of developing individual effort, and the other the development of the effort of paid labour, and the economic knowledge now so badly wanted in both directions can best be obtained by the Government having their own commercial test holdings.—F. PAYNTER.

### WIRE NETTING FOR RABBITS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—I see much about tree planting in your paper, and in many cases great complaints against rabbits. I understand wire netting is unsuccessfully used. May I suggest what has proved a success round my kitchen garden after many experiments against porcupines? Cut a ditch round your plantation, preferably narrow at the bottom (I should say 4ft. deep). Throw the earth removed into the plantation, do not pile on edge. On the edge of the ditch—plantation side—raise your posts for the netting 4ft. wide. Then fix your netting so that at least 1ft. of it lies down the side of the ditch, as an apron. In my case one porcupine got through by the trench being very narrow at the spot he chose, and his weight took him through my inferior wire; but, getting out, he slid into the ditch with its *cul de sac*. For rabbits a few traps along the bottom of the ditch would suffice. This sort of fence is so easily examined that without knowing all I might about rabbits I think it worth proposing to you.—H. W. R., Mysore, South India.

### LORD KITCHENER'S REQUIEM.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—The following lines, written by Mrs. Adeline Bray, widow of a soldier, mother of a soldier, and aunt of the late Colonel Oswald Fitzgerald, who died with his chief, may be of use to you:

To Lord Kitchener of Khartum.

The Ocean rocks thee on its bosom with the wave  
Thou sleepest till the trump shall bid thee wake again,  
A soldier and a man supremely brave.  
A life laid down, but not laid down in vain.  
Oh! Kitchener; the stars shall nightly keep  
Their vigil o'er thee in thy dreamless sleep.  
No martial drums disturb thy slumbers deep.  
No tramp of troops! No fear of war's alarms!  
The Ocean hulls thee in its mighty arms.  
God knows where thou art sleeping peacefully  
Until the dawn when there is no more sea.

—C. E. DE LA POER BERESFORD (Colonel).

### "AS WE DRUMMED THEM LONG AGO."

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—I enclose herewith photograph of a replica in silver of Drake's drum presented to H.M.S. *Devonshire* by the ladies of that county, and used for summoning the ship's company to general quarters before going into action. It is strictly against orders to give the drum even a single beat on any other occasion, and it would be looked on as an evil omen. It has been used during this war.—A. TURNER (Chaplain R.N.).

[The crew of the *Devonshire* are not likely to forget Sir Henry Newbolt's poem, but for those who do not know it, if there be any here is one of the verses:

"Take my drum to England, hang et by  
the shore,  
Strike et when your powder's runnin'  
low;  
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the  
port o' Heaven,  
An' drum them up the Channel, as we  
drummed them long ago."—ED.]

### A TRUFFLE-LIKE FUNGUS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—Are the enclosed ordinary truffles? I found them to-day growing on the surface of grassland about 15ft. beyond the branches of a small oak tree in these grounds.—H. A. WADWORTH, Breinton Court, near Hereford.

[The fungus sent is not a true truffle, but one of the smaller puff-balls, a species of *Lycoperdon* which grows at the surface of the ground, not underneath as does the truffle. It belongs to an entirely different group of fungi, and though probably edible when in the very young state before any formation of coloured spores inside takes place, is likely to be much less palatable than the truffle.—ED.]



H.M.S. DEVONSHIRE'S REPLICA OF DRAKE'S DRUM.

## WOODLICE IN MELON FRAME.

[To THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent re "Woodlice in Melon Frame," if he got a common toad and put it in his frame he would clear it in a very few days. I had the same nuisance some years ago, and applied the above remedy, and in a few days my frame was quite clear of them and all other insects.

—JAMES TURNER.

## AN ADVENTUROUS HORSE.

[To THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I herewith enclose a photograph of a monument to a horse at Farley Mount on the Downs, five miles north-west of Winchester, which may interest you. Both outside and inside the monument there is an iron tablet with the underwritten inscription :

UNDERNEATH LIES BURIED

A HORSE

THE PROPERTY OF

PAULET ST. JOHN ESQ.

THAT IN THE MONTH

OF SEPTEMBER 1733 LEAPED  
INTO A CHALK PIT TWENTY FIVE

FEET DEEP, A FOXHUNTING

WITH HIS MASTER ON HIS BACK  
AND IN OCTOBER 1734 HE WON THEHUNTERS PLATE ON WORTHY DOWNS  
AND WAS RODE BY HIS OWNER

AND ENTERED IN THE NAME OF.

"BEWARE CHALK PIT."

THE ABOVE BEING THE WORDS OF  
THE ORIGINAL INSCRIPTION  
WERE RESTORED BY THE RT. HON.  
SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE BARONET

SEP. A.D. 1870.

—P. B. VAN DER BYL.

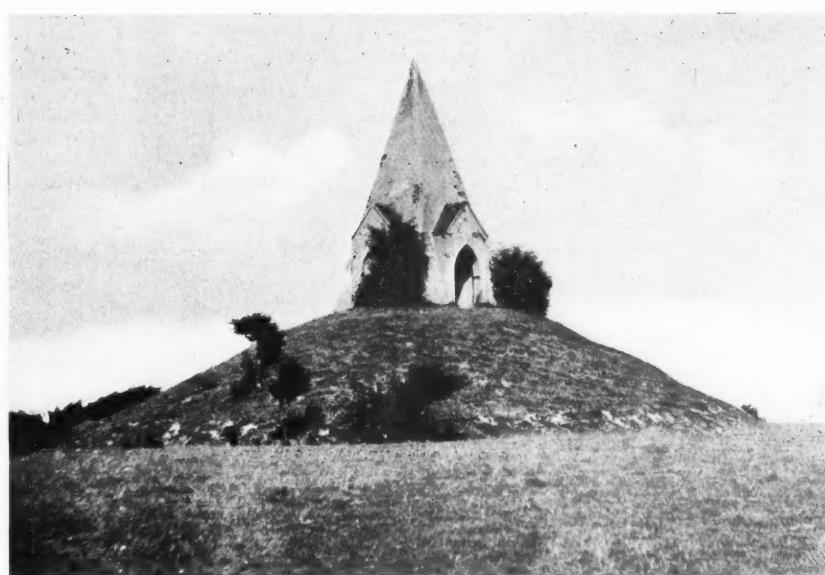
## A TAME HOUSE-MARTIN.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As an interested reader of your weekly articles on bird life, I thought the following story might interest you, especially as all my friends tell me that they have never heard of a martin being tamed before : The ordinary house-martin, seen on a basket, was picked up in the garden of my country house at Penmaenmawr, North Wales, having fluttered down from its nest before being able to fly. It was taken into the house and fed on very small pieces of raw meat on the end of a stick, and every day was given a chance of flying away by being taken into the garden. On the third morning it did fly away, and naturally we did not expect to see it again. To our great surprise the same evening the bird returned, flying into our child's nursery



AN UNUSUAL BIRD GUEST.



"BEWARE CHALK PIT'S" MONUMENT.

through the open window. After a good meal—it showed undoubted signs of being very hungry—it allowed itself to be put into an open cardboard box, in which it had passed the two previous nights, where it stayed quite happily till the next morning, when again, after another meal, it flew away. For eleven consecutive days the same thing happened. The bird returned regularly every evening, spent the night in its box, and left every morning. It became so tame that it allowed my wife and little girl to handle it without a protest, and would sit quite quietly on their hands or shoulders. It seemed

even to have learned the name they had given it, as in response to their call it would fly from the table or window and settle on their hands or shoulders. On Sunday, September 17th, for the first time the bird failed to return and has not reappeared since. As a heavy gale was blowing that day we presume it must either have lost its way or perhaps, we hope, it may have met other martins about to migrate and have joined them.—A. R.

## BEE KILLED BY THE FLOWERS OF THE RED-HOT POKER.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the old flowers of the red-hot poker, or torch lily, each containing a dead bee. The bees had evidently entered the long, tubular flowers in search of nectar and then found it impossible, owing



TOO TIGHT A FIT.

to the tight fit, to get out again. On one plant I have found hundreds of dead bees. Some of the flowers in the photograph have been cut open in order to show the bees within. I have never before noticed this peculiarity, but the red-hot poker should be looked upon with suspicion by bee-keepers.—C. Q.

## ART IN THE MATCHBOX.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Spain teaches us a neat lesson in the employment of fine art in common things. I enclose three of the little reproductions (there are scores of subjects) of great pictures in the Prado Gallery. One of them is enclosed in every penny box of wax vestas sold by the Match Monopoly. We pursue the same idea with cheap packets of cigarettes, but the makers seem to think



SPANISH MATCHBOX PICTURES.

that the smiling ladies of musical comedy are better for the purpose. It is safe to assume that the Match Monopoly knows what pleases the Spanish public, and I hesitate to believe that English taste is inferior. In the matter of applying art to common things, our manufacturers need the courage to give us of the best.—L. W.

**"A PLAGUE OF BATS."**

[To THE EDITOR OF COUNTRY LIFE.]

SIR,—About a fortnight ago in your columns appeared a letter entitled "A Plague of Bats" and asking COUNTRY LIFE readers for any known and effective remedies. Apparently there has been no reply, and the matter seems likely to drop, so with apologies for raising it again I would be glad if one of my fellow-readers could let me know some effective means of getting rid of them. I am recently home suffering with "nerves" from the front, and for the sake of the quiet went to stay with a friend of mine in an old house in the West of Ireland. To my horror I found my rooms at night invaded by numbers of these loathsome pests, and, in the nervy condition I was in, they had a very horrible effect on me. Needless to say, despite the article in your valuable paper, I had no inclination to call them "Timothy" or make pets of them! If anyone of your readers has had a similar experience, I would be glad to know what he did under the circumstances. It may interest your readers to know that quite close to the house were two ordinary ash trees of huge size and girth. One measured 11ft. 5in. and the other 11ft. 11in. at 5ft. from the ground. Is not this somewhat uncommon for an ash? I noticed that both ashes and beeches did remarkably well, while the ordinary English oak was somewhat poor. The soil is a sandy limestone. Before I close I would like to take this opportunity of saying how much I enjoy your valuable paper, and I wish you every success in your efforts to get the land question satisfactorily settled. Out at the front COUNTRY LIFE is a "boon and a blessing" to us all, and I cordially sympathise with and disapprove of the officer who wished to give it up. I have felt like that myself many a time. It is the best compliment we can pay you. With all good wishes for your continued prosperity.—SHELL-SHOCK.

**A NORTH COUNTRY SPORTSMAN.**

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you herewith a photograph of Jerry Coward of Troutbeck, the well known hound dog trailer, who is a familiar figure at all the hound dog events in Lakeland. The picture was taken immediately before the start of a trial at a Troutbeck meeting, when the two dogs shown, Screamer and Startler, ran a nine-mile course over frightfully rough fell in thirty-three minutes.—R. H. MALLINSON.

**TURNING HYDRANGEAS BLUE.**

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could you kindly tell me the proper proportions of the solution used to turn hydrangeas blue? I understand it is called "steel shavings." Would

grown in large batches is to water the plants twice a week with a solution of alum, using a piece about the size of a pigeon's egg to a two-gallon can of water. With some soils this has the effect of producing a clear and beautiful blue, but on other soils it is not so effective. A solution of iron sulphate of the same strength will also have the desired effect, while an unfamiliar way of imparting blue to the flowers is to keep tan often renewed in the water with which the plants are supplied. There are also two proprietary articles, "Azure" and "Cyanol," now on the market. Both are supplied by horticultural sundriesmen. We have used both of them, and have no hesitation in saying that they afford the most reliable means of producing flowers with a pronounced blue colour. The users of these preparations are, however, reminded that the water and soil must be free from chalk, that rain water is preferable,



TAKEN "AT TROUTBECK ONCE ON A DAY."

and that no artificial manure must be applied. There is another important point to bear in mind no matter what colouring agent is used, and that is it must be applied before the flowers begin to open. To convert pink heads of blossom into an azure blue in the course of a day or two is expecting too much. We think that sulphate of iron would have the desired effect on a clematis if applied before and during flowering, but this is a matter for experiment. There is not much risk of overdosing the plant with iron. It will not take up more than it can assimilate. We have

lately tried the effect of sulphate of iron on the white climbing hydrangea, but it was only a partial success, the flowers being slightly mottled dull blue.—ED.]

**THE MOTORIST ON SPANISH BYE-WAYS.**

[To THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The traveller in Andalusia who is acquainted with the indifferent state of Spanish roads finds in recent years some improvement in the condition of the main roads. This is partly due to the advent of the automobile. Off the main roads, however, the conditions are much the same as when either roads did not exist, or were described as "although not quite impassable for wheeled carriages, subject the traveller making use of such conveyances to very great fatigue and inconvenience." I recently secured the enclosed photograph which shows how on<sup>o</sup> motors



MOTORING IN ANDALUSIA.

it be possible to produce this solution from sulphate of iron which would have the desired effect? If so, could I please have the proportions to be used in the making? Would it be wise to use this "steel shaving" solution on a clematis which fades badly on opening into flower; and, if so, should it be applied during the flowering or before that period? —M. TALBOT.

[The flowers of hydrangeas may be turned blue by the presence of iron in the soil. No hard and fast rule can be laid down regarding the quantity of iron necessary to bring about this remarkable change of colour, and the flowers on some hydrangeas assume a far deeper blue than others even under the same treatment. We have known hydrangeas to assume a good blue colour owing to the presence of clinkers from a furnace that have been used for drainage. Iron filings mixed with the potting compost usually impart a similar effect, and are preferable to steel shavings; but failures are by no means infrequent. A common practice in nurseries where hydrangeas are

under these latter conditions. This may be of interest to your readers.—H. P. STEWART.

**TO MAKE A POND WATERTIGHT.**

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I had two years ago a similar experience to your correspondent "Leaky Pond." A brick and concrete wall faced with cement was not sufficient to prevent my artificial pond from leaking. In my case the depth of water was 7ft., and the foundation of wall 2ft. below ground. I succeeded in stopping the leak, after I had tried in vain horse-dung and clay, through using a mixture of cement and sawdust in about equal proportions. Wet the mixture slightly and throw it all over the pond, then keep agitating the water for some time with poles and a long rope drawn tight across. The process was repeated twice, and since then I have had no leak in the pond. Trusting your correspondent will be equally successful.—T. BAROLET.